THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

VOLUME XLIII *April 1959* NUMBER 2

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CENTRAL PARK WEST AND 77TH STREET

NEW YORK 24, N. Y.

The New-York Historical Society Quarterly is published in January, April, July and October by The New-York Historical Society at 170 Central Park West, New York 24, N.Y. The Society does not assume responsibility for statements made by contributors. Yearly subscriptions are $3.00; individual copies, 75 cents. Second Class postage paid at New York City Post Office.

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VOLUME XLIII APRIL 1959 NUMBER 2

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THE

English and *Low-Dutch* SCHOOL-MASTER.

CONTAINING

Alphabetical Tables of the moſt Common Words in *English* and *Dutch*. With certain Rules and Directions whereby the *Low-Dutch* Inhabitants of *North-America* may (in a ſhort time) learn to *Spell*, *Read*, *Underſtand* and *Speak* proper *English*. And by the help whereof the *English* may alſo learn to *Spell*, *Read*, *Underſtand* and *Write* *Low-Dutch*.

By *FRANCIS HARRISON*,
School-Maſter, in *Somerſet-County*, in *New-Jerſey*, *America*.

NEW-YORK:
Printed and Sold by *W. Bradford*. 1730.

Apprized at 5/

DE

Engelſche en *Nederduytſche* SCHOOL-MEESTER

Stephen Hoft's

BEHELSENDE

Verſchydene Tafelen, na de order van *B*, in gericht van de gemeenſte W den, in 't *Engels* en *Duytſch*. Met nige Regels en Onderwyſingen, w door de *Nederduytſche* Inwoonders *Nort America* in korten tyt de *En ſche* Taal mogen leeren *Spellen*, *Lee Verſtaan* en *Spreeken*. Ende de *En ſche* in 's gelyks mogen leeren *Spe Leeſen*, *Verſtaan* en *Schryven*, in *Nederduytſche* Taal.

Opgeſtelt door *FRANCIS HARRIS* School-Meeſter, in *Somerſet-County*, i *Nieuw-Jerſy*, in *America*.

NIEUW-YORK:
Gedrukt en te Koop by *W. Bradford*. 1

THE NEW-YORK
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
QUARTERLY

April 1959

VOLUME XLIII NUMBER TWO

New York: 170 *Central Park West*

"THE ENGLISH AND LOW-DUTCH SCHOOL-MASTER"

(NEW YORK: WILLIAM BRADFORD, 1730)

by EDGAR FRANKLIN ROMIG, D.D.

Minister of the West End Collegiate Church, New York

A RECENT acquisition of the Society is a book published in New York City, 1730, and entitled: *The English and Low-Dutch School-Master containing Alphabetical Tables of the most Common Words in English and Dutch. With certain Rules and Directions whereby the Low-Dutch Inhabitants of North America may (in a short time) learn to Spell, Read, Understand and Speak proper English. And by the help whereof the English may also learn to Spell, Read, Understand and Write Low-Dutch.* This title appears also in Dutch, as illustrated herein. The author is "Francis Harrison, School-Master, in Somerset-County, in

New-Jersey, America," and the printer and seller, William Bradford,[1] New York's earliest printer. The pamphlet has significance as a Bradford imprint hitherto not mentioned on lists of items by him,[2] and as an important milestone on the long road of linguistic accommodation and transition in this always polyglot city. The book, with 4 pages of introduction and 144 pages of text, contains nearly equal portions of English and Dutch.[3]

This reminds us that one of the earliest examples of Bradford's printing in New York (struck off during the second month of his press's operation) is in Dutch, with a simultaneous English edition: "Collections to be taken up for the redemption of slaves in Salee."[4] However, of some 1,100 books, pamphlets, broadsides, etc., exclusive of newspapers issued by Bradford during his active half-century in New York, 1693–1744, only ten books are known in Dutch, though others may contain Dutch passages.[5]

[1] Spelled *Bradfordt* on Dutch title page.

[2] The only other known copy is in the Rosenbach Library, Philadelphia. (Info. by courtesy of Alexander J. Wall, Assistant Director, Old Sturbridge Village, whose unpublished bibliography of Bradford imprints is by far the most extensive yet compiled.) *The English and Low-Dutch School-Master* is not listed in Charles Evans's authoritative *American Bibliography* or among the additions to that work entered in the Society's copies of it.

[3] The pagination is [8], 144, small 8vo. (18 x 10 cm.). Signatures: [ ] in 4, A–I, K–S in fours. End papers at end, consisting of pages 17, 18, 23, and 24 of the same book, the last leaf pasted down inside back cover. The English title page, though pasted down inside front cover, has on its recto the half title: *School-Meester.* Written in an early hand at top of the Dutch title page: *Apprized at 5/* and under the main title: *Stephen West's/ Book.* On verso of Dutch title, *To the Reader* begins and on the opposite page *Aan den Leser* begins. Both are continued on the two following leaves, facing each other; the verso of the final leaf is blank. *To the Reader* is signed at end: *Francis Harrison / Rariton, New Jersey, / Six Mile Run, / August 1, 1729.* The book is in its original full calf binding, blind tooled with leaf ornaments and rules on all sides, all edges cut. This copy was sold at the Henkels Auction Galleries in Philadelphia in 1915, was listed by the NYPL Imprint Catalogue as owned in 1941 by Mr. Edward C. Durfee, and was purchased from Mrs. Durfee in 1958 by NYHS from the Lathrop Colgate Harper, Litt. D., Fund.

[4] A proclamation by Governor Fletcher, June 8, 1693. *Vid. Ecclesiastical Records of the State of New York,* 1061–1063. This is No. 11 in Wilberforce Eames, *The First Year of Printing in New-York May, 1693 to April, 1694* (New York: 1928), 12–13. The Dutch original is in the Office of the Collegiate Church of New York, 45 John Street, New York 38, N.Y.

[5] Info. courtesy of Alexander J. Wall, from his unpublished bibliography of Bradford imprints. Evans, *Am. Biblio.*, lists only some 400 Brandford imprints, of which four or five are in Dutch. In contrast, Evans lists 17 Dutch titles printed by Peter Zenger also in New York during the 17 years, 1726–1744. (Acknowledgment

Pertinent to this review, also, is the fact that he was official printer of New Jersey from 1703 to 1733.

What will be of particular interest to many who examine *The English and Low-Dutch School-Master* is the fact that it is (as far as this writer has been able to ascertain) the only work in existence produced in colonial America in the nature of a bilingual help for Dutch people to learn English, and vice versa. It leads the student of American history into a field hitherto barely grazed, having to do with the evolving of the speech of communities in New York and New Jersey in the late 17th and the 18th centuries. Here a preliminary glance results in some observations. First, there is no evidence of a printing press existing in New Amsterdam during its entire period under the Dutch flag (1624–1664). Why this was so could lead us to lengthy conjecture. Then, too, we become aware of the fact that, while Boston had a press as early as 1640, when "The Bay Psalm Book" was published, and Philadelphia had one in 1685, New York had none until 1693, 29 years after the first surrender of the Dutch to the English.

The paucity of means of printing in the American Colonies, especially New York, is partly to be explained in terms of the Crown's reluctance to permit outside of the mother land forms of labor and trade which might impair employment at home.[6] Further, the curtailing of printing was a concomitant of laws in England safeguarding the Crown and its agents against criticism. Reflecting this are the words of Governor William Berkeley of Virginia (1671) in his *Report to Council of Foreign Plantations* —"I thank God that we have no free schools, nor printing presses, and I hope that we shall not have for a hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world;

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is made to Miss E. Marie Becker, the Society's Reference Librarian, for having made this check.)

[6] Read under *Papers Relating to the Trade and Manufactures of the Province of New York, 1705–1757*, in *Documentary History of New York*, I, 711–736, letters and reports from Lord Cornbury (1705), Caleb Heathcote (1708), Governor Hunter (1715), Cadwallader Colden (1723), Governor Cosby (1732), etc.

and printing has divulged them and libelled governments. God keep us from both."[7] While the Duke of York remained proprietor of the Province of New York, 1664–1685, the thought of establishing a press there seems never to have arisen, but upon his accession to the throne as James II he instructed the governors of his American colonies as follows:

> Forasmuch as great inconveniences may arise by the liberty of printing in our said province, you are to provide by all necessary orders that no person keep any press for printing, nor that any book, pamphlet, or other matters whatsoever be printed without your especial leave and license first obtained.

This requirement appeared in the Royal Instructions to every New York governor from 1686 through 1732 and to every New Jersey governor from the founding of royal government there in 1702 through 1732. The governors of other Colonies received a like instruction but over shorter periods of time.[8]

The restraint on trade in general, and on the freedom of the press in particular could lead to an excursion on factors bearing on the ultimate will of the Colonists to be independent of Great Britain. Suffice it to say that within the relatively modest field of material printed in America before 1776 every piece of literature is worthy of study. Confining ourselves to New York and New Jersey, and primarily to the output of Bradford, who, incidentally, was scrupulously respectful of authority,[9] we are impressed by the variety of titles issuing from his press. Their range gives cumulative evidence that the necessities of the developing social life in the Colonies made printing an imperative. And such printing was token of a maturing toward nationhood. Our concern,

[7] Irving S. and Nell M. Kull, *A Short Chronology of American History* (New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press, 1952), 26.

[8] Leonard Woods Labaree, ed., *Royal Instructions to British Colonial Governors 1670–1776*, II, 495–496; *Documents Relative to the Colonial History of the State of New York*, III, 375, 548, 691, 824; IV, 290; V, 142.

[9] Nevertheless we must take into account such imprints of his as the one belonging to the Society (*Annual Report of The New-York Historical Society for the Year 1957*, 27), an anonymous publication printed in New York, 1713, entitled *To All whom these Presents may Concern*, relating to the objections of the citizens of New York to taxation for the support of the British government.

now, is with the circumstances prompting the issuing of *The English and Low-Dutch School-Master.*

Until 1664 Dutch was the language of New Amsterdam (although many nationalities were represented in the population).[10] With the change in sovereignty that year, English, as the official tongue, naturally tended to supplant the Dutch in general use. But the predominant element in the population, born in or descended from Holland, held tenaciously to their own speech. Their church services continued to be entirely in Dutch until 1764; and that year, when the Rev. Archibald Laidlie became a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church in Manhattan, to preach in English, there was bitter opposition to the change.[11] Books both of catechetical and of secular instruction in Dutch were used in Manhattan until late in the 18th century, and the minutes of the Church[12] were written in Dutch up to 1775. In New Jersey (except for Bergen County[13]), with its somewhat later general settlement than that of New York, English and Dutch populations tended to become fused; but in sections there, too, the clinging of the Dutch to their old ways and language was pronounced.

The situation calls for analysis. From the time that the English

[10] In 1644, the Jesuit Father Isaac Jogues, first Roman Catholic priest to visit New York, wrote: "On this island of Manhate, and in its environs, there may well be four or five hundred men of different sects and nations. The Director General told me that there were persons there of eighteen different languages." *Doc. Hist. N.Y.*, IV 13–15. Fr. Jogues' papers are printed in full in *New-York Historical Society Collections, 1857*, 161–229.

[11] *Ecc. Rec. N.Y.*, 3853 *et seq.* Also *Doc. Hist. N.Y.*, III, 510–521, in which the *Remonstrance Against Preaching in English in the Dutch Reformed Church in New York*, signed by Abel Hardenbrook, Jacobus Stoutenburgh and Huybt. Van Wagenen, was answered, attention being called to the fact that the Church's charter, granted by King William III, in 1696, was being scrupulously observed, and that provision for the English preacher was being made by special subscription of those who had sought his appointment. The answer, dated September 23, 1767, was signed by Johannes Ritzema, Minister. No study of this period can be complete without reference to the scholarly and exhaustive treatise of Dr. William Heard Kilpatrick, former Professor at Columbia University, *The Dutch Schools of New Netherland and Colonial New York* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1912). See particularly the portion, "Transition to English Language," 150–159, 182–185 and 190–211.

[12] Mss. originals at the Office of the Collegiate Church of New York.

[13] Benjamin C. Taylor, *Annals of Classis and Township of Bergen* (1857).

and Dutch began mingling in towns and villages in what was once "New Netherland" various attitudes toward language manifested themselves on the part of the Dutch. We may discern three:

First, the reaction of some people (often in positions of leadership) to the English language was one of respect and preference. It was, they sensed, the language of the future. Some had already learned it; others were quick to take it over by all means available. The records of the Dutch Church in the 18th century attest to the departure from it of many members who became confirmed in the Anglican Church. Annals of the Stuyvesant, Beekman, Van Wagenen, Van Rensselaer and other families will bear this out. Thus by a simple metamorphosis Dutch folk became English in speech.

On the other hand, the majority of the common people, of whom many were illiterate, showed no zeal to learn the new tongue. In the rough and tumble of trade, and in working associations, they had to get acquainted with some English. This they learned poorly, reverting to their mother tongue in their homes and at church. This provincialism, as evident in other linguistic enclaves in America and elsewhere, resulted in their speaking neither one language nor the other well. Here your reviewer must resist the temptation to write in detail about residual Dutch. It will startle some to be reminded, as was H. L. Mencken, that as late as the year 1910 there were at least 200 persons living in eastern New Jersey who (entirely uninfluenced by contact with more recent immigrants from Holland) still spoke the "Jersey Dutch Dialect."[14] Unlike such derivative languages as Afrikaans or even dialects like Pennsylvania German, this uneuphonious lingo represents progressive deterioration of speech, the result of unacquaintance with either good English or good Dutch.[15]

[14] H. L. Mencken, *The American Language*, Fourth Edition (Knopf), 621–622. Mencken gives as his source the late J. Dyneley Prince, Professor at Columbia University, a linguist with exceptional aptitude in tracking down local dialect forms. His research on the "Jersey Dutch Dialect" is in *Dialect Notes*, Pt. VI, 1910.

[15] See Rev. John Taylor's comments on a mission through "the Mohawk and Black River country" in 1802. *Doc. Hist. N.Y.*, 1108 and 1129.

It is, however, necessary to look at a third attitude toward English on the part of the Dutch, namely, the desire of some people to be conversant in both languages. In much that has been written on the resistance of the Dutch Reformed Church to English, the position of the clergy has not always been fairly presented. To Dutch as the voice of faith they did hold; yet we have plenty of evidence that they conceded the importance of bilingualism. Domine Johannes Megapolensis, incumbent in Manhattan from 1649 to 1670, sent his son Samuel to Harvard University.[16] Domine Henricus Selyns (Minister from 1682 to 1701) was a friend of Cotton Mather, with whom he had considerable correspondence.[17] Many other English-speaking Dutch domines in New Amsterdam could be named. Nor should we overlook one influential pastor in New Jersey, the Rev. Theodorus Jacobus Frelinghuysen, whose charges were (1729–1747) Raritan, New Brunswick, Six Mile Run, Three Mile Run, and North Branch, a man of rich inherited Dutch culture, whose competence in English is well evidenced by his close associations with Gilbert Tennent, Jonathan Edwards, and the English evangelist, George Whitefield.[18] One may properly surmise that a leader like Frelinghuysen would have lauded an effort like that of Francis Harrison to bring the Dutch and the English into an acquaintance with each other's languages. While many of the laity he served would have resented his warm friendship with people and religious movements of English background, he himself would doubtless have approved of the words in the Preface to *The English and Low-Dutch School-Master:* "And the Blessing of God Almighty continue the Union and Peace of the Kingdom of Great Britain and the United Provinces, which is the heartfelt Prayer of your Well-wisher and Servant, Francis Harrison."

We may, then, regard the volume under consideration as a

[16] E. T. Corwin, D.D., ed., *Manual of the Reformed Church in America* (1902), 615 *et seq.*

[17] *Ibid.*, 732 *et seq.*

[18] *Ibid.*, 472 *et seq.*

weder Opſtandinge des Vleeſch, ende een eeuwig Leven, *Amen.*

The Lords-Prayer.

OUR Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in Earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily Bread. And forgive us our Treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us. And lead us not into Temptation, but deliver us from evil; For thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory, for Ever and Ever, *Amen.*

Het Gebedt Onſes Heere.

ONSE Vader die daar zyt in de Hemelen, Geheyligt werde uwe Name, uwe Koningryke kome, uwe wille geſchiede op de Aarde, als in de Hemel. Geeft ons heden ons dagelyks broot. Ende vergeeft ons onſe ſchulden gelyk wy vergeven onſe ſchuldenaren, Ende leyd ons niet in verſoekinge, maar verloſt ons van den quaden. Want U is dat Koningryk, de Kracht, ende de Heerlykheit in de Eeuwigheit, *Amen.*

Nu, *Leſer*, deſe Gebedt Onſes Heere, ſo als het Gebedt Onſes Heeren in 't *Engels* is, om de Leerlingen het onderſcheit in beyde de Taale te toonen, maar moet geleſen in 't *Duytſche* Taal aldus naa de Grammer Regelen.

ONSE Vader die in de Hemelen zyt, uwen Naam werde Geheyligt, uwen Koninkryke kome, uwen Wille geſchiede gelyk in den Hemel alſo ook op der Aarde, ons dagelyks Brood geeft ons heden, ende vergeeft ons onſe Schulde, gelyk ook wy vergeven onſe Schuldenaren, ende en leyd ons niet in Verſoekinge, maar verloſt ons van den booſe. Want U is 't Koninkryke, ende de kracht, ende de Heerlykheit, in der Eeuwigheit, *Amen.*

Morning

textbook not required by those of Dutch descent whose fathers early brought them into an English cultural environment; and not desired by the considerable numbers who drifted along the path of mediocrity of speech; but very welcome to the many who, perhaps slowly, came to realize that English was essential, albeit they would not forswear the language of their ancestry.

A brief examination of the work is illuminating. The English and Dutch titles require two pages; these are followed by a word "To the Reader" (four pages), at the conclusion of which Francis Harrison gives his place of residence as "Rariton [*sic*], New Jersey, Six Mile Run." Then follow 14 pages, in both languages, on letters and phonetics. Page 14 contains children's helps to right spelling, and pages 15–82 present a vocabulary (English-Dutch) of approximately 5,000 words, grouped, "words of one syllable," "words of two syllables," etc. Five pages are devoted to words (in English) of "like sound, but different senses and spelling"; four pages to a list of weights, measures, etc.; then ten pages to religious instructions and prayers. Following these are 17 pages of letters for various occasions, after which come 26 pages on English grammar, titled in Dutch *Een kort Begrip van de Engelsche Grammatica, om Perfect de Engelsche Taal te Leeren.* The book concludes with two pages of given names for children.[19]

As already mentioned, *The English and Low-Dutch School-Master* is valuable as the sole bilingual language-help in its field known to have been printed in the American Colonies. It would have been gratifying to discern in it even a hint of political allusion, but of that there is none. Also welcome would have been some light on life in New York or in New Jersey. The only faint approach to that is in one of the specimen letters written by someone in New York, in 1729, to a brother in New Jersey. We read:

You [in Six Mile Run] have the advantage of your Native Country,

[19] The New-York Historical Society copy contains, however, three superfluous pages in which previously given word lists are repeated—three fragments of Bradfordiana.

a good Air, great plenty of all things Necessary, and especially the constant advice of our virtuous parents. I dwell in a neat and cleanly City [New York], among very civil People, have a due Freedom, am indifferently well supplyed, gain knowledge in Arithmetick and Bookkeeping, am in a way of attaining the methods of Merchandizing, and correspondence in sundry parts of the world, and many advantages.

As a sally in printing Bible portions, at a time when it was forbidden by law to print the Authorized Version in English anywhere but in England, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer in the pamphlet are but a trifle compared to *The Book of Common Prayer* already published by Bradford. Yet mention should be made of the fact that, for better understanding of the English, the Lord's Prayer in Dutch is presented both in the text of the *Staten Bijbel*, The Netherlands' authorized version of 1634, and in a free translation. (See illustration on page 156.)

Students of linguistics will have in the book something to pursue in old and unusual spellings and word-usages in both Dutch and English. It is to be remarked that the general character of the Dutch is not in large degree in obsolete form, though there are some archaisms. In the chapter on grammar *ledekens*, as given, is a word no longer employed for *participle;* nor is *help-woorden* for *adverbs. Blansjet* (possibly a corruption of *Fr. blanchet*) is in no modern Dutch dictionary; nor *kinneken*, as a liquid measure. Here we are permitted to quote Dr. A. J. Barnouw,[20] whose comment after his first perusal of the Dutch, in *The English and Low-Dutch School-Master*, was, "It sounds almost modern." In respect to the English, the same remark can not be made. It has the formal elegance which characterized conversation books in our tongue until late in the 19th century, abounding in rotund and dignified phrases lacking the raciness of the King James version of the Bible and the spontaneity of contemporary English secular literature. Yet, antiquated though it sounds, one can appreciate it as "a standard to repair to." The spelling variants[21] do

[20] Former Queen Wilhelmina Professor at Columbia University, who is thanked for his visit to the Society's Library to look at the volume and his characteristically generous help on the Dutch text.

[21] *E.g., ake* (*ache*), *bownse* (*bounce*), *chast* (*chaste*), *devout* (*devote*), *flegg* (*flag*), *freze* (*frieze*), *gess* (*guess*), *skain* (*skein*), *vulter* (*vulture*).

not reveal careless orthography but rather morphological date. And the obsolete or archaic word uses present the reader with the fascinating riches of our ever-developing English tongue. Note, for example, *busk*, *quean*, *brabble*, *brickle*, *chapman*, *chawing*, *intendment*, *jacent*, *aposteme*, and *rundlet*.[22] This paragraph cannot close without the observation that the book under consideration, its antique style seen in its setting, is a worthy example of good taste, and does credit to its author.

"Its author"—but, alas, of him as yet we know practically nothing. Francis Harrison, School-Master in Six Mile Run, must for the present be a stranger to us.[23] A man of gentle spirit, versed in the traditions of both the English and the Dutch, acquainted with city as well as country ways, eager to help the cause of better relations in his community, he is, as reflected in his book, an American whom we should like to know better. It is not inconceivable that this may come to pass.

[22] For, respectively, *corset, harlot, quarrel, brittle, merchant, chewing, intention, recumbent, abscess,* and a certain liquid measure.

[23] We are possibly correct in assuming that he is the same person whose name appears as witness to the will of John Vliet, of Six Mile Run, and his wife Geertie (dated December 1, 1722, and proved May 30, 1754). Indebtedness is expressed to Miss E. Marie Becker, Reference Librarian in the Society's Library, for this information, and for search among New Jersey records.

WILLIAM B. CUSHING, COMMANDING THE "COMMODORE BARNEY"
Carte-de-visite, Meserve Collection (NYHS)

TWO NEW YORKERS IN THE UNION NAVY

NARRATIVE BASED ON LETTERS OF THE COLLINS BROTHERS*

by James J. Heslin, *Associate Director and Librarian*

THE NORTH ATLANTIC Blockading Squadron was one of several such squadrons responsible for carrying out the blockade of the Southern coast from the Potomac River to Texas, as proclaimed by President Lincoln in April, 1861.[1] The Union Navy at this time consisted of forty-two serviceable vessels, most of which were dispersed in foreign waters,[2] and to it was assigned the formidable task of sealing off 3500 miles of coastline. Poorly prepared as the Navy was for this role, two factors worked in its favor: first, the South had no navy; and second, foreign nations, especially the major maritime power Great Britain,[3] recognized the blockade even though, initially, there was little likelihood that the Union Navy could maintain blockading standards.

Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, a capable, determined executive who prided himself on his efficiency (and, it must be admitted, on his prerogatives as well) turned to the task of increasing the strength of the Navy and the results of his efforts

* There are 37 letters, 1862–1863, from James and Joseph Collins, sailors attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, to their parents in New York City, and 28 letters from their family and friends while the brothers were in service. This collection of correspondence was purchased by the Society in 1957.

[1] *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion* (Washington D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1894–1922), Series I, vol. 4, pp. 156, 340. Hereinafter cited as *O.R.N.* All references are to Series I.

[2] Of a total strength of 90 vessels, 21 were unserviceable; 27 were out of commission, and only 42 were ready for action. Charles B. Boynton, *History of the Navy During the Rebellion* (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1867), I, 99–100; II, 86.

[3] E.D. Adams, *Great Britain and the American Civil War* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1925), I, 246.

were impressive. By December 1862, he was able, in his *Report*,[4] to record the success of the blockade, and by the end of 1864, the Navy consisted of almost 700 vessels.[5] The development of this navy was undoubtedly due, in a large measure, to the industrial power and wealth of the North. To build or otherwise acquire ships was not, however, a simple matter; nor was it an easy task to equip them with men and guns and to construct the necessary land-based supply depots. It was probably inevitable that some of the waste and confusion associated with the growth of the Army also characterized the development of the Navy.

Against the blockading squadrons of the North, the tactics of the South were necessarily defensive. The Confederacy was well aware of the utility of ironclads[6]—as demonstrated by the celebrated foray of the *Merrimack*[7] (renamed *The Virginia* by the Confederacy) against the *Monitor*—but the resources of the South were inadequate to support extensive construction of such vessels. When the "paper blockade" by the North became a reality of ships and guns, Southern wartime commerce was dependent on those vessels which could elude the Union Navy.

There were large profits to be gained by blockade-running. The United States Consul in Nassau (S. C. Hawley) estimated that a blockade-runner could realize a profit of $119,000 on one successful round-trip voyage to a Southern port. Even if the vessel were captured and destroyed after four voyages, the profit on her cargo amounted to $476,000. After subtracting the cost of the steamer at $100,000, and the cargo at the same figure, a gain of $276,000 remained. Even these figures were considered

[4] *Report of the Secretary of the Navy, December 1, 1862*, House Exec. Doc. No. 1, 37 Cong., 3 sess., III, 3.

[5] *Report . . . Sec. of the Navy, 1864*, H. Exec. Doc. No. 1, 38 Cong., 2 sess., VI, xxiii.

[6] For a time the North indulged in great alarm over the possible danger from Southern ironclad warships. Despite the clamor Gideon Welles adhered to his blockade strategy and events were to prove the soundness of his judgment. J. T. Morse, Jr., ed., *Diary of Gideon Welles: Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln and Johnson* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1911), I, 61–67.

[7] The spelling *Merrimack* throughout this article is that used in the *Index* to the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies. . . .*

TYPICAL BLOCKADE RUNNER, THE "TEASER," HAMPTON ROADS, 1864

Photograph at The New-York Historical Society

by the Consul to be, if anything, conservative.[8] Clearly, it paid well to run the blockade and there were many willing to take the risk.

It was not easy to capture a blockade-runner. These ships, generally of English construction and painted an inconspicuous color, were sleek and built for speed. They usually sailed for Confederate ports from three major areas—the Bahamas, Bermuda, and Halifax—and the heavily armed Union warships were rarely a match for the speed and maneuverability of the blockade-runners. Once near shore there was often the added protection of Confederate gunfire. This was true especially in the waters around Wilmington, North Carolina, through which supplies reached Richmond.[9]

The port of Wilmington was under blockade by the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, but the location of the city, on the Cape Fear River and accessible to vessels able to navigate the inlets on both sides of the two mouths of the river, made it difficult to establish a tight blockade. In addition, there were powerful defenses in Fort Caswell which protected the southern en-

[8] *O.R.N.*, vol. 9, pp. 80–81.

[9] Nearly all supplies from Europe, toward the end of the war, reached the Confederacy through Wilmington. Francis B. C. Bradlee, *Blockade Running During the Civil War* (Salem, Massachusetts: The Essex Institute, 1925), 139.

MAP NO. 1

Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies, Ser. I, Vol. 8, p. 848

trance to the Cape Fear River, and in a group of fortifications known as Fort Fisher some seven miles to the north, which guarded the northern entrance to the river.[10] Consequently, supplies continued to reach the Confederacy by this route as late as January 1865.

The main task of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron was to close Wilmington to all ships. When the efficacy of army-navy coöperation became more evident, smaller vessels attached

[10] See Map 1.

to this squadron were detailed to ascend the James, York, and minor contiguous rivers in Virginia in support of Union Army operations. The risks attendant upon sorties up the rivers in areas held by Confederate troops, the occasional grounding of a Union vessel within range of fire from Confederate batteries on the shore, and the dangers associated with inclement weather made blockade duty hazardous at times.

One of the major advantages in reading letters written by soldiers or sailors in the Civil War, or perhaps in any war for that matter, is a sense of participation. The most detailed historical descriptions written after the event by non-participants sometimes lack the sense of reality which characterizes the accounts of those who were intimately involved. While it is generally true that the experiences as related by an individual do not provide the scope necessary for full understanding of the war, these personal accounts do provide some insight into the meaning of war to the people who lived at the time.

The soldiers and sailors of the Civil War were, for the most part, quite young—a fact which needs to be remembered when reading their letters. In this respect the Collins brothers were typical. When they enlisted on August 21, 1862, from their home at 49 Downing Street, New York City, James was just over nineteen years of age and his brother, Joseph, was seventeen. As might be expected they were often homesick, as their letters reveal. They (particularly Joseph) sometimes grumbled at discomforts; they tended to exaggerate at times; and yet, when the occasion demanded, the Collins brothers rose to heroism, although the word itself would probably have embarrassed them. They expressed themselves simply and directly as they reported in writing to their parents on their general welfare and the activities in which they were engaged.

While the Collins brothers obviously did not write for future historians and biographers, the excerpts from their letters which follow may add to an understanding of the role of the Union

Navy in the Civil War and contribute another footnote to the history of the great struggle between North and South.

The spelling used in the passages quoted from the Collins letters is, for the most part, unchanged, but changes in punctuation have been made where they seemed desirable for the convenience of the reader. Ellipsis marks indicate the omission of material which did not seem to be of particular interest or significance.

On August 29, 1862, eight days after they enlisted, the Collins brothers were assigned to the *Monticello*, a steamer of 655 tons attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron. Appropriately enough, the *Monticello*, at this time refitting at Beaufort, North Carolina, was equipped by the Union Defence Committee of New York City.[11] In a letter to his parents on September 11, 1862, James Collins described some aspects of the voyage to Beaufort.[12] Explaining that there had been rumors of transportation by rail, James went on to say that the rumors proved false and he had sailed on the *Massachusetts*.[13] The voyage had been uneventful with "a very fine sea, as calm as the North River" until just before Cape Hatteras when signs of a storm appeared. Not until the vessel had passed Hatteras and was off Cape Lookout did the storm break and "then we got it good and heavy, and the ship tossed around like a cradle." There was no damage apparently and later the Collins brothers were lucky enough to secure congenial assignments. James reported cheerfully to his parents, "I have got Captains clerk and Joe has got

[11] *The Union Defence Committee . . . Minutes, Reports . . .* ([New York:] Union Defence Committee, 1885), 18. The *Monticello* carried 7 guns. *Register . . . of the . . . Navy of the United States . . .* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1863), 180. Hereinafter cited as *N.R.*

[12] Beaufort, North Carolina, was at this time the base for the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

[13] The *Massachusetts*, a steamer of 1,155 tons (*N.R.*, 217), was one of the supply steamers which sailed between the blockading squadrons and the ports of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia carrying mail and stores. Many of these supply ships carried tons of meat and the great quantities of ice needed to preserve it. Various fruits and vegetables in season were supplied to the blockaders. Boynton, *History of the Navy . . .*, II, 82.

masters assistant, which exempts us from all duty, except the lookout at night which comes every other night." Lest, however, the people at home suppose that the navy was not adventurous, James wrote, in the same letter, that the *Monticello* "has got an awful name around the blockade. She is the one that chased the *Nashville*[14] the time she run the blockade," and adding to the sense of danger was the statement: "on our right is a rebel fortification from where ever and anon they send a shot over to keep us in good humor. . . ." Possibly a belated realization of the effect of this news on his parents made him add that the shots "do no harm as we lie too far out." James ended his first letter in an entirely different vein requesting his mother to send him a thimble and a song-book.

The next letter in this group of manuscripts was written by Joseph Collins on September 23, 1862. Joseph was less diligent in his correspondence than his brother James and not given, apparently, to concealing or softening any news which might be disturbing. Coming right to the point, Joseph wrote, "As I am writing this we are expecting orders to go in and give the rebels a few shot. We can see them plain, erecting batteries along the shore [off Wilmington]. Last Monday [September 15, 1862] we captured ten or twelve contrabands[15] out in a small boat, and we got valuable information from them. . . . the contrabands brought some southern papers and it would do you good to read them. In six months they are going to have every northern port. . . ." Joseph concluded his letter with a statement which strikes a familiar note: "When you write I want you to write a whole sheet full of news."

The contrast between the brothers gradually emerges in their letters. On the same day, September 23d, James Collins also

[14] A fast side-wheeler which eluded the blockade until destroyed by the U.S. Steamer *Montauk* on January 27, 1863.

[15] Escaped Negro slaves. The phrase "contrabands of war," generally shortened to "contrabands," is usually attributed to General Benjamin Butler, although he apparently did not use the phrase in any correspondence during the early part of the war.

wrote to his parents and his letter is sharper in detail. "We have had quite an exciting time here for the last week; the other night about two o'clock a light was discerned across the shoal, and we were signaled by the *Octorara*[16] that there was five strange sails in sight and their lights could be seen on all sides of us. The captain promptly gave orders 'all hands to quarters' and in just six minutes every man was armed and at his post. We stood at quarters for over an hour and then nothing turning up we were dismissed. . . ." Blockade duty, it seems, could be a matter of sudden calls to quarters and then idle waiting or, in some cases, futile pursuit.

On October 13, 1862, James wrote to his parents from the *Monticello* off Fort Caswell,[17] North Carolina, and expressed his amusement at the fact that a box containing various articles which he had requested from home had arrived safely except that the blacking brush for shining his shoes appeared without any blacking. More important, however, James reported action at sea. The *Monticello* had captured a blockade-runner on Saturday (probably October 11, 1862) and sailed out to sea with the captured ship. About 10:00 P.M. the *Monticello* began the return trip to her blockading station patrolling off Fort Caswell. The darkness made it difficult to judge the area, especially since the side-wheel steamer *Maratanza*, which the *Monticello* used as a guide, had gone out to sea to bury some men who had died in previous action. Although James Collins did not explain to his parents the reason why some of the crew of the *Maratanza* had been killed, the casualties were the result of a bombardment by a Confederate battery off the Cape Fear River at 9:30 on the morning of October 11, 1862.[18] Three men had been killed and eleven wounded according to James, but the official *Report* of the

[16] A side-wheel steamer of 829 tons. *N.R.*, 218.

[17] Fort Caswell protected the southern entrance of the Cape Fear River on which Wilmington is situated. See Map 1.

[18] The *Maratanza*, a side-wheel steamer of 786 tons attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron (*N.R.*, 217), was fired on at 9:30 A.M. on October 11, 1862, by a Confederate battery on the beach off Cape Fear River. *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, p. 127.

U.S.S. "MARITANZA" IN HAMPTON ROADS, JULY 1862

Photograph at The New-York Historical Society

assistant surgeon on the *Maratanza* listed only two men killed and five wounded. Exciting as this news was, the events which occurred on the *Monticello* were of more interest to James, naturally enough, and his letter reflects his feelings:

". . . Well, when we got near our station, not knowing her [the *Maratanza*] to be out to sea, we commenced signalizing her but could get no answer, and as it was so very dark the captain thought that perchance they could not see the lights so he sent up three rockets and a preparatory light, which is a resemblance to a roman candle. It is chiefly used to signal with at night as there are many different colors contained in each one. Well, every means was used to get an answer, but to no purpose. So at last we

dropped anchor, assuming we were some four miles from fort [Caswell] and I tell you our condition was serious, for had we been discovered, heaven only knows what the result might have been because we were all alone, . . . the *Maratanza* nowhere to be found. You can imagine the result had we been found, but thanks be to heaven for the darkness that night, for as day began to dawn, we found ourselves within almost pistol shot of the fort. It was immediately reported to the captain who came rushing on deck with half his clothes in his arms and promptly gave orders to up anchor, and I tell you if you could have seen that old anchor, the way it came up, you would have looked with surprise, because where it generally takes half an hour it was up in about ten minutes. We then backed out, keeping bow in, so if they should see us from the fort they could not get a raking fire on us, but fortunately we got out safely and put to sea to find the *Maratanza* which we did. . . ."

Concluding his account, James added that an attack on Fort Caswell was expected on the next day, October 14, 1862. Nine ships were to bombard the Fort but it was more in the nature of harassment since no planned assault was undertaken.

Commenting on the bombardment of Fort Caswell, Joseph Collins was more severe in his judgment of naval strategy. In a letter written on October 14th, he expressed his ire at the fact that men had been killed by the batteries from Fort Caswell before serious retaliatory bombardment was undertaken. Joseph reported the capture of a blockade-runner, loaded with "arms, ammunition, salt, etc.," but he ended his letter rather cheerfully for him, by observing that when his year's enlistment was ended he intended to set up a tailor shop since he was "getting to be a red hot sewer."

There is the evocation of a more formal era in the opening sentence of James Collins's letter to his parents on November 3, 1862. "I embrace the present opportunity in addressing to you these few lines, letting you know that I am enjoying good health and hope you are doing the same." James then related the account

of a northeast gale which the *Monticello*, sailing off Wilmington, had experienced. The ship had used up its coal and in an effort to get to port the Captain issued orders to burn the gun carriages on the vessel. Fortunately, land came into sight, but at every moment, as James wrote, "it seemed as if the ship must go to pieces" and it was not possible "to keep your feet to save your life." While James was on watch, about ten o'clock at night, the gale increased in force with the result that "about twenty of our boys were knocked clean and decent out of their hammocks." James himself was thrown on top of his neighbor and "the pair of us rolled out on the deck . . . tin pans, cups and everything you could think of was rolling around; . . . on deck we could hear the boys of the other watch measuring their length. You cannot imagine the scene." All ended safely, however, and with youthful spirit James, while commenting on the dangers, also included the humorous aspects of the turmoil aboard ship.

Once again the rumor of an assault on Wilmington spread among the crew of the *Monticello*, but even the Collins brothers must have become inured to this perpetual rumor because they planned a trip to Beaufort and wondered about matters no more pressing than the possibility of obtaining a large pair of boots from New York to prevent wet feet, which apparently was a major concern.

Life in the navy in wartime sometimes held unexpected discomforts for those aboard ship. Joseph Collins was sufficiently impressed by the illness of a friend of his who was the ship's painter to write on November 9, 1862, "Johnny . . . is like a ghost." Joseph's friend had, as he put it, "been laid up for about a month with painter's colic." Shifting quickly to matters economic, Joseph complained that he "was more in debt now than the day I left New York." The fact that the clothes he brought were unsatisfactory and it had been necessary to obtain new clothing made him bitter. A pea jacket which cost him five or six dollars in New York was $11.40 in North Carolina and that, he added, was "the way they do things here."

While it might seem that the crew of a ship engaged in blockading would be unlikely to fall into the hands of the Confederates, sometimes this did happen. In a letter dated November 10, 1862, James Collins related the capture of Union officers and men from the *Daylight*, *Mount Vernon*, and *Mystic*[19] on November 4, 1862, as these gunboats attempted to halt a blockade-runner. The blockade-runner, the bark *Sophia* of Liverpool,[20] in trying to escape the Union ships ran ashore and, James reported, "on the following morning the three [Union gunboats] combined and sent an expedition in to burn her; the whole force from the three vessels amounted to twenty-four including three officers. They had just got alongside when a heavy sea came up and they got stuck in the surf and could not get out. The rebels seeing the fix they were in came out and captured officers and men without a single shot being fired by either side. The boys requested the rebel general the other day to send for their bags and hammocks. He complied and sent a detail under a flag of truce [and] they received them all right."

The *Sophia* was loaded with a cargo consisting mainly of guns and ammunition—material of great value to the Confederacy. While the *Sophia* was ignited by crewmen from the Union gunboats, it burned only to the water's edge and as a result some of the cargo was saved by Confederate troops on shore. Although James Collins was accurate in his report of most of the details of this incident there were, according to the official *Report*, 21 men (3 officers and 18 of the crew) captured by the Confederates from the Union gunboats.[21]

In this same letter of November 10th, James wrote of his visit to Fort Macon opposite Beaufort, North Carolina. Fort Macon had surrendered on April 25, 1862, to an amphibian task force under Flag-Officer Louis M. Goldsborough of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron and General Ambrose Burnside,

[19] The *Daylight* was a steamer of 682 tons; the *Mount Vernon*, 625 tons; and the *Mystic*, 451 tons. *N.R.*, 215, 217.
[20] *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, p. 194.
[21] *Ibid.*, 193–199.

and, as James observed, "it is a great old fort. It has two tiers of guns, and it is a very strong one, and if you could only see the way old Burnside hammered it, it would make you look. His fire was all on one side, the sea side [and] he stove holes in her as large as a cooking stove. On this side was located the rebel officer's quarters and they had surrounding them as much railroad iron as would lay a track from Canal to Fortieth sts. [New York City], but Burnside soon made it fly [and] there are now some pieces about eight feet long drove through and lodged in the wall."

Such observations gave way to a discussion of the imminent visit of high officialdom. "There is a report current," James related, "that Admiral Lee[22] is on his way down here with his fleet, and we, in consequence thereof, have started drilling. We have about two hours of it every morning. The first half hour is devoted to the guns, the second to small arms, third [to] cutlass, fourth, maneuvering the ship, which consists of, well, a little of about everything dismounting guns, running to fire, going aloft, splicing masts, all this in case of anything being shot away. . . ."

Behind all of the above is implied the possibility of formal "inspection," a ritual surely well known to all military and naval personnel, past and present!

Pursuing a blockade-runner was an exciting experience for the crew abroad the *Monticello*, and on November 24, 1862, James Collins described the pursuit of two ships which attempted to slip into Wilmington harbor. "On Monday last [November 17, 1862] about daybreak a vessel that proved to be a blockade-runner was discovered making a run for Shallotte Inlet.[23] We went for her and pretty soon it was evident that she was aware that we were after her; then it was fun to watch her antics. She was like a duck lost at sea, not knowing whether to go on or to turn back, but finally turning, she made straight for shore, running her high and dry. We could then see the men everlastingly getting over the hills, [and] the old man trained one of the rifles

[22] Acting Rear-Admiral Samuel Phillips Lee succeeded to the command of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron on September 4, 1862. *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, p. 3.

[23] See Map 1.

on them which soon made them change their course. He then sent two boats to board her and while they were being attended to another ship was reported in sight. The captain left those two boat crews and put for the newcomer and as soon as she saw she was being chased she was run ashore. Both were loaded with fruit and brooms (we got dead loads of them). We tried to get her off, but in doing so, stove her bottom in, and as soon as we got her in deep water she rolled over and sunk. By this time one of the boats had left the first vessel and was coming down to the ship leaving only one to protect her with only 15 men. Soon firing was heard and it proved to be between our men left in the boat and the rebels, who had come down, thinking no doubt they would gobble the boat's crew, but as they had muskets, and our boys rifles, you can imagine who got licked. We lost both vessels by bad management. The first lieutenant had given orders to the remaining boat that if he did not signal within an hour after he left, to return to the ship. This order was carried out and as soon as the rebels saw the boys leave they came out and scuttled the vessel. Still we got some valuable articles, such as charts, maps, etc., etc., giving a thorough description of all the points [and] channels by which they run the blockade."

According to official dispatches, the ships which the *Monticello* pursued in this instance were the British schooners *Ariel* of Halifax and the *Ann Maria* of Nassau, and their cargoes consisted mainly of salt. Lieutenant-Commander Braine of the *Monticello* estimated that over two thousand bags of salt were lost when the *Ariel* and the *Ann Maria* were destroyed.[24]

As a postscript to this adventure James Collins added that there was still no attack on Wilmington but "there is an attack there worse than powder and ball, it is yellow fever . . . [which] has been raging about a month." Yellow fever had broken out in Wilmington early in September 1862, apparently brought into the city by passengers aboard the steamer *Kate* from Nassau, and the epidemic spread rapidly. By September 16th six cases were

[24] *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, pp. 218–219.

reported and during the next two months there were over 1500 known cases. Wilmington was nearly deserted, even telegraph service was suspended, and the number of deaths was variously reported to be somewhere between four and six hundred.[25]

Mail delivery was sometimes slow and the effect of this situation on his parents was of concern to James. Apropos of this, James wrote on December 10, 1862, from Hampton Roads, "I have a letter ready for every mail that leaves us. As soon as I send one, the next day I begin another and keep adding to it all that transpires without dating it until the mail is called for: so by that method I am always prepared: but they have to go through so many postoffices, I suppose they are sometimes apt to get mislaid. When we are in our own station they first go to Beaufort, from there to New Berne, [North Carolina,] and then to Hatteras from there; here at the [Hampton] Roads, from here to Baltimore and then on to New York. . . ."

If the delay in mail service caused disappointments, so too did the change in plans necessitated by naval strategy which interfered with the opportunities sailors and their families had to see one another. It was disappointing to the Collins brothers and to their family when the boys were transferred from the *Monticello*, and assigned on November 30, 1862, to the *Brandywine*, a sailing frigate of 1,726 tons in use as a store ship at Hampton Roads. The *Monticello* went on to New York, but as James observed philosophically, "had we went . . . , the coming out again would make a fellow feel worse than it did when we first left home." Easing his homesickness, however, if not relieving the disappointment of his family, was the fact that a group of men from the *Monticello* were together aboard the *Brandywine*, and, as James remarked, "we have got the run of the officers, so that we manage to keep out of their way, and all we have got to do is to eat, sleep and smoke. We turn in early and are not called until about six in the morning, then we get together, and the officers

[25] Samuel A. Ashe, *History of North Carolina* (Raleigh, N.C.: Edwards and Brayton, 1925), II, 754–755.

DANIEL L. BRAINE
Commanding the *Monticello*
Meserve Collection (NYHS)

S. D. TRENCHARD
Commanding the *Rhode Island*
Photo at New-York Historical Society

have got so that now they pass us by and start others to work clearing decks, etc., while we stand by calmly observing how nicely they do it. We made the officers open their eye yesterday morning. As it was awfully cold, we set to and did about all the work ourselves, so that you may imagine the eyes that were upon us. One of the officers was heard to remark, 'that the *Monticello's* boys were a good working set, but it was an awful job to get them at work.' So we got a good name yesterday morning, but this morning we were nowhere to be found."

The adeptness with which James avoided the officers on the *Brandywine* is not to be taken as an indication of his general attitude toward officers. For example, he had considerable loyalty and respect for Daniel Braine, in charge of the *Monticello*, as is evident in his letter of December 10, 1862. Braine was ordered to take command of the *Monticello* in April 1861, and in July of

1862 was commissioned Lieutenant-Commander. A daring, resourceful officer, he advanced to Commander in July 1866, as a result of his war record and by 1886 had become a Rear Admiral. In writing of him, James remarked that Braine was "a fine man . . . also a very brave man. I do not believe there is a braver man in Uncle Sam's service, in the army or navy. When under fire he acts as cool as . . . in a parlor, and he can handle a ship as well as a child can a toy one. If you could have saw him when off Wilmington go in and blaze at the fort, then out and in again, fighting hard all the time and handling the ship with such consummate skill that not a single shot struck us. He has a head worth a dozen captains and . . . with him I feel an assurance of safety that I know not if I should feel under another commander."

The admiration James Collins expressed for Lieutenant-Commander Braine was not shared by his brother Joseph. In a letter to his parents, also dated December 10th, from Hampton Roads, Joseph is less impressed by Braine's qualities. Admitting that Braine "was a courageous man and worthy of a better position than he occupies," Joseph added, " that is all that can be said of him." Moving away from this apparently unsympathetic topic Joseph wrote that eight ships had been captured by the blockading squadron since the Collins brothers left their station off Wilmington.

Like a litany, the refrain recurs that an attack was expected on Wilmington, and so constant were these rumors that it is necessary to remember that Wilmington was not occupied by Union forces until February 22, 1865. At this time (December 1862), according to Joseph Collins, the Confederates were mining the waters around Wilmington, and had devised a machine for "knocking a hole in the bottom of a vessel as it enters." Strategy, however, soon gave way to an account of personal discomfort and Joseph complained that the *Brandywine* was "a dirty hole." In fact, he noted that it was "nothing to see 5 or 6 lice drawn up in line of battle on a fellow's back, so you can judge how it is." Perhaps this state of affairs prompted Joseph, who usually com-

plained more than James, to inform his father: "I would rather be where I am for if I had once got under my father's roof I am inclined to think I should have stayed there and so by that means I might have got myself in trouble."

While Joseph Collins may have thought of desertion, or at least of overstaying his leave, some of his fellow crewmen took action. Writing on December 19, 1862, from Hampton Roads, James Collins noted, "we have heard that some of our boys have taken 'French leave' and gone to Phila[delphia], that is those of the number that belong there." This item of information was overshadowed, however, by the news which James had learned of the "defeat of our army at Fredericksburg" and this victory of the Confederate forces, on December 13, 1862, over the Union army commanded by General Ambrose Burnside was a crushing blow to the North. Coming as it did less than six weeks after McClellan's dismissal by Lincoln, and accompanied by heavy casualties among the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, it was possibly the lowest point in the fortunes of the North. It seems strange indeed, in view of this debacle, to read again in James Collins's letter that Wilmington was about to undergo a large scale attack.

War news did not occupy all of James's thoughts. His parents were very much in his mind and he continued in his letter, " I wish you would both go and have a likeness taken and send them on. I have been wanting to write, requesting you to do so for some time, but when writing somehow it would slip my memory, but I have hit the boy in the head this time. I do not want the one that is at home but have one taken as you are now." Inclement weather added to the trials of the sailors and it was especially difficult during the cold nights at sea. James wrote, "I had picket from two to four this morning, and I tell you it is no fun to stand two hours with the wind whistling around your head. The weather is very singular around here and the further South you go, it is more so. Every morning there is a very heavy fog; for two or three days it will be very warm, regular summer weather,

MAP NO. 3

Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies, Ser. I, Vol. 7, p. 3

but at night, look out for squalls; and then for a few days it will be as cold as Greenland both day and night."

The *Monticello* arrived in Hampton Roads on December 21, 1862, but the Collins brothers were not reassigned to her. James Collins was not particularly disturbed, for he wrote, "Old Braine means something when he gets to Wilmington as he has four or five infernal machines and five or six thousand torpedos with him. I, for myself, am perfectly satisfied to stay where I am because a fellow is pretty sure of his head here whereas he is not elsewhere. I give you my word that in less than a month I will be writing you of some poor fellow who will lose the number of his mess on the *Monticello*, for Braine will make a noise when he gets down there again, as he has now got a hundred pound rifle in place of a pistol and he will be trying it on some of the enemy's batteries."

Some of the former crew members of the *Monticello* evidently were in sympathy with Joseph Collins's feelings about Lieutenant-Commander Braine. James wrote: "The only reason we have for not going on her [*Monticello*] again is that the frigate *Colorado* is laying here and she is going on a foreign station[26] . . . one day last week some of the boys [from the *Monticello*] without the knowledge or consent of the rest drew up a petition and presented it to the captain [of the *Brandywine*] requesting to be transferred to the *Colorado*. This somehow got to Braine's ears and it seems to be the general opinion after the story came out that it touched him a little. However, we do not really know whether we will join him or not. If not, he will have a nice old time drilling in his crew."

As events developed, according to Joseph in a letter to his parents on December 23, 1862, the *Monticello* had almost an entirely new crew, which is not surprising, when he noted that all but fifteen or twenty of the old crew had deserted in New York. Fortunately, there were recruits enough secured in New York to enable the ship to sail back to her station.

Much more serious news related by Joseph to his family in this letter was the near separation of the two brothers. Volunteers were asked to ship on the *State of Georgia*, a side-wheel steamer of 1,204 tons attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, repairing in Hampton Roads at this time. Joseph Collins, as he phrased it, "was behind hand hearing the news until they had all they wanted." Applying to the Captain of the *Brandywine*, Joseph explained that he wished to go with his brother and his old shipmates but for almost an hour he was uncertain of the outcome of his plea. Luckily, he was accepted along with his brother for the *State of Georgia*, which was, presumably, bound for the Wilmington area. In spite of his eagerness to go along, Joseph made the gloomy observation that if the ship were actually

[26] The *Colorado*, a ship of 3,425 tons, carrying 52 guns was actually ordered to Wilmington by Admiral Lee on December 14, 1862, to strengthen the blockade squadron. The naval command had been alerted by news that the Confederates were to attempt to force the blockade. *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, p. 300.

CONFEDERATE IRONCLAD "MERRIMAC"

From a drawing by one of her officers (NYHS)

bound for Wilmington, "we will have a bloody Christmas [and] we might as well spend it in that way as any other."

On December 27th, the Collins brothers were still at Hampton Roads on the *State of Georgia*, but expecting to leave hourly. The delay was caused, as James wrote, in waiting for a craft to act as escort for the *Monitor* (of *Monitor* versus *Merrimack* fame).

On Sunday, December 28th, the *State of Georgia* finally sailed from Hampton Roads for Newport News. It anchored, according to a letter from James to his parents on this date, between the wrecks of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*. Interestingly enough, the *Cumberland* was a victim earlier in the year (March 8, 1862) of the *Merrimack;* and the *Congress*, having grounded on a sandbank on the same day, had surrendered to the *Merrimack*. On March 9, 1862, as the *Merrimack* sailed to resume its destruction of Union warships, the *Monitor* blocked its way and the famous battle between the two took place.

On January 3, 1863, the Collins brothers were reassigned to the *Brandywine* and it was obvious that their duties at this time were not arduous. Even in the security of Hampton Roads, however, there was some minor excitement. James wrote on January 12th, of a "schooner [which] run into this old craft [the *Brandy-*

wine] while trying to cross her bow." The schooner "carried away her front piece and her flag staff. When the flag staff fell, it came on top of a fellow's shoulder, and another got his foot crushed as flat as your hand, breaking every bone in it."

The major news of interest, however, not only to the Collins boys but also to the Union, was the sinking of the *Monitor*. At 2:30 P.M. on the afternoon of the 29th of December 1862, the side-wheel steamer *Rhode Island*, with the *Monitor* in tow, proceeded out to sea from Hampton Roads en route to Beaufort, North Carolina. Between 8:00 and 9:00 P.M. on December 30th, some 20 miles south-southwest off Cape Hatteras, squally weather developed and rough seas swept over the deck of the *Monitor*. The storm continued, and at about 11:00 P.M. the *Monitor* sent distress signals. It was clear that the ironclad was sinking, whereupon the *Rhode Island* lowered its boats in an effort to save the *Monitor's* crew. In the *Report* of Commander Stephen D. Trenchard of the *Rhode Island*[27] he noted that the crew of the *Monitor* was reluctant to leave their vessel. By 1:30 A.M. on December 31st, there was no trace of the *Monitor* and throughout the day the *Rhode Island* cruised over the area where the *Monitor* had sunk in an attempt to find the missing members of her crew. Of the sixty-five men who had been on board the *Monitor*, sixteen were lost, and eight crew men of the *Rhode Island* were drowned in rescue attempts.[28]

Joseph Collins had written to his parents that all of the crew of the *Monitor* were lost, but he corrected this in his letter of January 13, 1863, writing that twenty-five of the survivors were on board the *Brandywine*. Joseph's account of the last hours of the *Monitor* reads as though he had been influenced by some of these survivors. "I see in some of the New York newspapers," he wrote, "great accounts of the heroic conduct of the officers. I see that one of the officers got all of the credit for cutting the hawser when she [the *Monitor*] went down. The officers in the navy are

[27] *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, pp. 350–351.
[28] *Ibid.*, 340.

THE WRECK OF THE IRONCLAD "MONITOR"

Woodcut from *Harper's Weekly*, January 24, 1863, p. 60

not so brave as to venture out on deck and the sea breaking over her as long as there is a man at their command. The man that cut that hawser is on board this ship at the present time. The first one that attempted to do it was washed overboard, and [it is a] yarn that the officers were the last to leave her. The men were all in the ship's hole bailing out the water, when one of them happened to go to the top of the turret, when lo! and behold! he sees the gallant officers shoving off in a boat. So you can judge who was the last to leave her."

Joseph's indignation was not entirely justified since all of his facts were not accurate. As the official *Report* attests, two officers of the *Monitor* were lost when the vessel sank.

Recreation for the sailors in the Union Navy was evidently spontaneous, essentially simple, and often provided by the men

themselves. In his letter of January 16, 1863, James Collins noted that the crew was "dancing a quadrille." Another source of pleasure was the receipt of boxes of food from home, always welcome to sailor or soldier. As Joseph wrote on January 19th, the "stuffed ham, bread, horseradish and onions . . . I can tell you we relish . . . very much. They went bully."

The alarms and mistakes which can occur in the most organized of military or naval systems sometimes plagued the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron. Joseph wrote, for example, of the excitement caused by incorrect signals made by the side-wheel steamer *Vanderbilt*[29] as she sailed into Hampton Roads. The *Vanderbilt* was mistaken for the famous Confederate privateer, the *Alabama*,[30] bane of Union shipping, and all hands on the Union ships prepared for battle. It was a letdown to discover that the *Alabama* was nowhere around and the crew men, considerably deflated, went back to their hammocks.

Although Joseph Collins, who seemed to have a tendency to criticize, did not take this occasion to castigate the Navy he soon found another reason to do so. Reporting a news item which he had seen in the New York newspapers, he wrote on January 19th, "I see in some of the New York papers some pretty hard hits against the Secretary of the Navy. I think if he was any kind of man he would do something for the survivors of the *Monitor*. Here they lay without a bed to sleep in and no clothes to put on but what they had on their backs when she went down." As a matter of record, Secretary of the Navy Welles had authorized on January 4, 1863, a two-week leave for the surviving crew members and twenty percent of all money due to them.[31] Fortunately for his peace of mind, Joseph probably did not know that the officers had been granted a month's pay and leave at the dis-

[29] The *Vanderbilt*, on special service, was coaling in Newport News at the time. *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, p. 366.

[30] This famous Confederate privateer was launched at Liverpool, England, on May 15, 1862. Under Captain Raphael Semmes the *Alabama* sent more than sixty ships to the bottom before her destruction by the Union ship *Kearsarge* in the English Channel on June 19, 1864.

[31] *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, p. 354.

cretion of the Admiral of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron.[32] Joseph did admit, however, that "Uncle Sam makes good their [the crew's] loss to them." More typically he added, "I think it is like a fellow's prize money,[33] pretty hard to collect."

Six days later, writing on January 25th, Joseph Collins was again in a critical mood. He informed his parents that trouble had already begun as a result of "Old Abe freeing the colored gentlemen," evidently alluding to the Emancipation Proclamation.[34] Joseph mentioned that a white man had been hung "last Wednesday [January 21, 1863] . . . for shooting one of them respectable gentlemen [and] that is the beginning. We will see where the trouble will end."

Turning to one of his favorite topics, advising the Navy Department, Joseph commented on the ironclads or "monitors" as he classed them. "I think," he wrote, "after old Welles [Secretary of the Navy] has lost two or more monitors he will stop sending them to sea. Yesterday morning another of them arrived here in a sinking condition and 3 steamers had to be sent to her assistance. They might as well send a lot of men to sea in a wash tub as to send them in one of them concerns and then they have the cheek to call them good sea boats."

Luckily for Mr. Welles, Joseph was able to relate one triumph. "The rebels done a very daring act the other night. They run past fortress Monroe with four small sloops full of medicines some $15,000 worth in all. They got as far as [the] James River and was captured by an old tug boat which had been towing one of the monitors there to wait for the appearance of the *Merrimack*."[35] But Joseph's forbearance did not continue long because

[32] *Ibid.*, 355.

[33] The Union sailors, unlike the soldiers, received no bounty when they enlisted. The sailors, however, did receive prize money when a ship was captured. Sometimes, this was slow to reach the crewmen.

[34] Lincoln issued a preliminary proclamation on September 22, 1862, and his final proclamation on January 1, 1863. The abolitionists, who were disappointed at what they regarded as Lincoln's temporizing, would not have agreed with Joseph Collins.

[35] Joseph is referring to the *C.S.S. Richmond*, better known as the *Merrimack No. 2*, or *Young Merrimack*, which was launched on May 6, 1862. *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, p. 207.

he added, "I think if she [the *Merrimack*] once passes Newport News and gets up here she will walk right through everything, and I am sure nothing would please me better than to see her coming out here for I want to see some of the officers tried who have these monitors in command and see if they are as good fighting material as the vessels they command."

James Collins wrote a letter on January 25th, in which he also observed that the *Merrimack* was expected to appear at Newport News, and in expectation of this event preparations were made to tow the *Brandywine* to Baltimore. The *Merrimack* did not, however, attack the fleet and two days later the danger apparently had subsided, since James, in his letter of January 27th, seemed somewhat bored with the relatively peaceful atmosphere of Hampton Roads. "Things around here are very quiet at present. There is no movement being made by either side. I don't care how quick I get away from here." There was a rumor that Fort Caswell, one of the major defenses of Wilmington, had been captured, but James doubted the story. His doubts were well founded because it was not until January 16–17, 1865, that Fort Caswell was destroyed, and then by Confederate troops.

On February 1, 1863, James Collins wrote of his possible transfer from the *Brandywine*. An infected thumb which had bothered him for three weeks had made it difficult to write regularly. On February 4th, however, Joseph filled in some of the details which James had been unable to write. He began by observing that he might gain more weight (apparently in answer to what was probably a mother's perennial question), except for his use of chewing tobacco which kept him from doing so. When he had stopped its use for a month he had observed that he had become "quite stout." Despite this admission, he went on to complain about the rations which he received. "I reckon," he wrote

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The original *Merrimack*, of *Monitor* vs. *Merrimack* renown, had been destroyed by order of its commander after the Confederates evacuated Norfolk, Virginia, on May 10, 1862. It was intended that the first *Merrimack* would sail up the James River to aid in the defense of Richmond but when its draft and weight made this impracticable, its destruction was ordered.

bitterly, "Uncle Sam is getting poor for he gives us nothing but hot water and cold spoons for breakfast and the same for supper."

Turning from this topic to that of naval strategy, Joseph wrote that he had seen an account in the New York papers of the meeting of the ironclad steamer *Galena* with six rebel gunboats on the James River. According to that account the *Galena* had scattered the Confederate vessels, but the facts, as Joseph interpreted them, were quite different: "If you had been here," he wrote, "to have saw the way the *Galena* came around the point at Newport News you would have said the skedaddling was all on the other side." Joseph also gave his parents a final report on the crew men of the *Monitor* who had been aboard the *Brandywine* since the *Monitor* sank. "The remainder of the *Monitor's* crew are to start for Baltimore this afternoon and they can go from there to their homes. They have got two weeks liberty and twenty dollars to have a good spree." But, Joseph added darkly, "I know some of them will stay a long two weeks and they will give them some trouble to find them."

Although James Collins was handicapped by his infected thumb which was, as he put it, "nothing but raw flesh," he managed, nevertheless, to write a brief letter on February 12, 1863, in which he related the difficulties caused by his infection. Joseph, however, was in good health and most interested in the news from home that "things in New York are at an awful price." Lest his parents and friends in New York conclude that high prices were peculiar to that city alone, Joseph reported that "things in the navy are just the same, for instance, tobacco that we used to get for 28 cents a lb. we have to pay $1.00 for it now."

While it appears from his letters that Joseph viewed life in the Navy with considerable distaste it is well to remember that he was only seventeen years old when he enlisted. In this same letter, Joseph, who had passed his eighteenth birthday earlier in the month, wrote that he expected to be home on his next birthday and enjoy the beefsteak which Mrs. Collins had evidently promised him as a special treat. It is likely that much of Joseph's

complaining could be traced to homesickness, and equally likely that his grumbling was a means of releasing some of the tension generated by the misgivings which he may have felt about his situation.

On February 13, 1863, the Collins brothers were assigned to the *Commodore Barney*, a heavily armed side-wheel steamer of 513 tons commanded by the dashing Lieutenant William B. Cushing.[36] "The *Commodore Barney*," according to James Collins in his letter of February 13th, "is a small boat but with a heavy battery and is confined mostly to the rivers. We learn that it is exceedingly dangerous passing through these rivers, because both sides are swarming with rebels." Perhaps James had a premonition of impending trouble because he instructed his parents at this time to lend his violin to a friend who had asked to borrow it. His new assignment was dangerous, a fact of which he was aware, since vessels which patrolled the rivers had to sail by thickly tufted banks on which, at strategic spots, Confederate sharpshooters and even heavy artillery were often concealed.[37]

Joseph, surprisingly, was unusually casual in describing his new assignment when he wrote to his parents on February 13th. In what may have been an attempt to reassure his family he simply stated that the "Commodore Barney . . . is a small steamer [that] runs up and down all the small rivers and creeks around here. I suppose," he added, alluding to his year's enlistment, "they thought it was no use to send us on a large ship for all the time we have to serve." Again, somewhat out of character, he tried to calm his parents who, presumably, were concerned over reports in the New York newspapers that the Union blockade of Charleston, South Carolina, had been raised by the Confederates. The Richmond papers on February 2, 1863, had published news of the breaking of the blockade of Charleston by

[36] For the most recent study of Cushing and his career see Ralph J. Roske and Charles Van Doren, *Lincoln's Commando* (New York: Harper, 1957).
[37] Charles B. Boynton, *History of the Navy* . . . , II, 526.

OFFICERS ON DECK OF GUNBOAT "COMMODORE BARNEY"

Photograph at The New-York Historical Society

ironclad steamers which supposedly sank two Union blockading vessels. On January 31, 1863, the Confederate ironclads, *Palmetto State* and *Chicora*, followed by three steam tenders, engaged the Union vessels outside the harbor of Charleston. The *Palmetto State* rammed the Union gunboat *Mercedita* which then surrendered, and the *Chicora* forced the Union vessel *Keystone State* to surrender. The rest of the blockading squadron scattered as a result and, although no Union ships were actually sunk, four men on the *Mercedita* were killed and twenty lost their lives on the *Keystone State*.[38] Charleston, on February 3, 1863, publicly celebrated the supposed breaking of the blockade but the celebration was premature. The Federal blockading squadron not only returned, but returned in greater strength and continued to blockade the port.

James Collins resumed writing in more detail from Newport

[38] J. Thomas Scharf, *History of the Confederate Navy* (New York: Rogers and Sherwood, 1887), 675–685.

News, on February 23, 1863. His thumb had healed and he expected to see action, because "things certainly look a bit squally as we now sleep on our 'arms'. It looks as if we are going to get a dose of Jeff's pills [Confederate bullets] as we say down here before a battle."

Joseph, also writing on February 23d, observed, "things look kind of funny around here when a fellow has to sleep with his revolver and cutlass strapped around him. The reason for that is because we expect the rebels will make an attempt to board us by night, so you see we have everything in readiness for them if they do make the attempt." Joseph expressed disappointment at the fact that he could not leave his ship to visit a friend who was attached to a regiment nearby, but the *Commodore Barney* was under constant alert and obviously it was not advisable to grant shore leave at such a time.

The placid days on the *Brandywine* were now a memory. The *Commodore Barney* was actively engaged in reconnaisance and patrol duty. "On the morning of the 3rd [March 3, 1863]," James wrote in his letter of March 6th, "while on picket [patrol] smoke was discovered up the [James] River. Orders were immediately given to get under way. We proceeded up at full speed all hands to quarters, and in less than three minutes, everyone was armed and at his station, decks clear and sanded. At 12 o'clock we were opposite Hog Island[39] [and] we came across a number of different squads of sharpshooters, but received no injury as no one was visible on deck. At one o'clock we turned back, shelling the coast [for] some eight or nine miles. It was generally believed to have been the *Merrimack*[40] or *Yorktown*[41] that was coming down but upon discovering a picket boat turned around and went back."

[39] In the James River, just south of Williamsburg.

[40] See note 35.

[41] The *Yorktown* was partly ironclad and carried four side-guns and two pivot guns. *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, p. 68. As early as February 9, 1863, Admiral Lee had alerted the fleet because of rumors that the *Yorktown* might try to reach the open sea. *Ibid.*, 515–516.

Joseph Collins, in the same letter, had nothing to add to the account presented by his brother but he tried to soothe his mother who had inquired fearfully what kind of dreams he had sleeping with a pistol and a cutlass ready. Mrs. Collins must have been troubled by the accounts of the action in which her sons were now engaged and it is a measure of Joseph's growing maturity that he was concerned about his mother's feelings.

Joseph, as the dangerous aspect of his naval duties became manifest, had indeed become more understanding toward his parents. On March 11, 1863, he admitted in a letter to his father that he had been "headstrong" about enlisting and had done so, it would appear, against his mother's wishes. His mother, he knew, was counting the weeks until he would be home, "one of the inhabitants of old forty-nine Downing Street" as he phrased it. With an attitude which had not characterized many of his previous letters, Joseph wrote: "Father, in your letter you say you hope we may live to return home that I will appreciate it more. I will tell you that I will appreciate it so much that I will not leave it again, and if I do, it will be when there is two moons in the sky and one in the ashcans, as Mother used to say. You seem to think we have pretty hard times. . . . that is not the case as we could not have better times on no ship in the navy than we are now having, only it is a little dangerous around these quarters." To this he added cheerfully, "but my motto is, that if a fellow is born to be hung he will be shot."

Joseph then recollected that it had been about a year since the original *Merrimack* "done so much damage." It did not seem likely to him that *Merrimack No. 2* would appear again, because "things are different around here now than they were then. . . . the rebels know as well as we do that if she comes down the distance she now has to come and gets disabled the least bit she will be lost before she can make her way back to Richmond. I think their intention is to keep her to protect Richmond in case an attack should be made on the place again."

Nearly a month later, on April 9th, James Collins reported to his parents news that was disquieting. "Day before yesterday we had a sharp engagement with a heavy battery near fort Powhattan[42] together with the *Galena*. About one o'clock the rebels withdrew, commenced to leave their battery, [and] the *Galena* seeing this instantly signalized to send an armed force ashore which was quickly done with the *Galena's* crew and ours. . . . As soon as the rebels saw us coming they fired a charge . . . but upon our landing a tussle began. Well, to make a long story short, our riflemen got the order to charge with the bayonet on the left while the swordsmen did the same on the right. As soon as the enemy saw the movement they opened so as to lead our riflemen in their center which proved effective. So you see, Joe is either a prisoner or safely stowed away as will prove likely as the *105 Penn* [a Union gunboat] was on this side of the river some five miles below. They came up to our assistance which made 'secesh' get up and get, and it is the opinion of [a] number of the boys and also the officer that during the excitement some of them got mixed up. Now don't either of you get worrying about Joe, for he is as safe as I am myself for the last time I saw him he was in the extreme center which [made] him quite safe from any stray shot. I saw he had a good place and told him to keep it if possible. This was just before the charge."

James confessed that originally he was not going to mention the news of his brother but "on second thought I considered it best to let you know." Orders had been received, he wrote, to move up the James River the next day in search of the missing crew members, and he promised to send promptly any information relating to his brother. James must have been aware that this letter was not calculated to allay his parents' anxiety and some inkling of his own uneasiness may be deduced from his insistence that Joseph was quite safe. In a postscript he urged that his family "do not start fretting," but the tone of his letter indicates that James himself was worried.

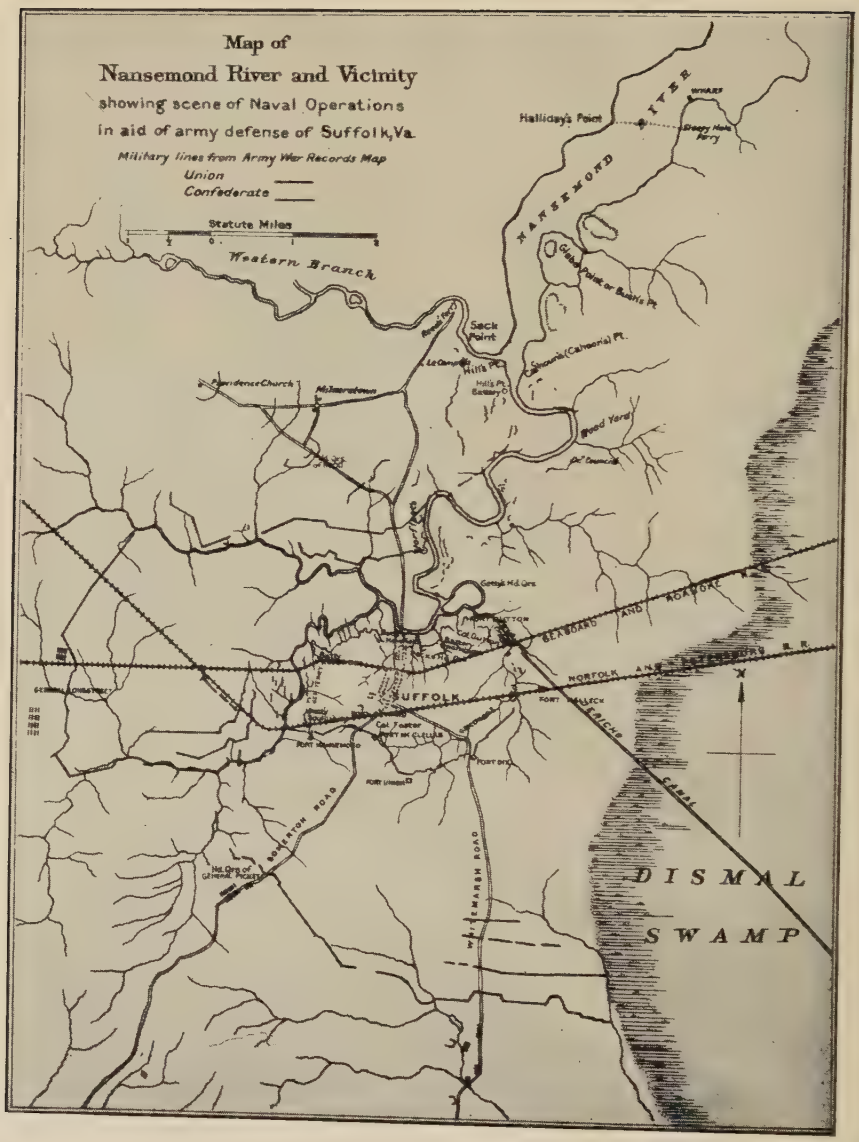
[42] On the James River, above Jamestown, near Burrowsville, Virginia.

On April 12, 1863, from aboard the *Commodore Barney* in the Nansemond River, James wrote that "Joe is safe and sound and back on the ship." The relief which this announcement must have occasioned was probably reduced by other news in the letter. "I write you to inform you that great excitement is raging here. It is in consequence of a large rebel force being concentrated in and about Suffolk[43] [Virginia,] preparatory to making a descent on the above place. There is the utmost confusion prevailing therefore. We are now lying within four miles of the city of Suffolk and are waiting the tide to enable us to cross the bar in order to enable us to proceed to the reinforcement of our troops. We expect within the next twenty-four hours to be under a heavy fire, as we are ordered to get there immediately. Great excitement was prevailing at Newport News when we left on Sunday morning [at] three o'clock.[44] We had to force our way as we were opposed at three different places by the enemy's batteries. Women and children are in great excitement leaving their homes, property, and every article they possess. We received two families last night. The rebels fired their houses and drove them from their property. Yesterday afternoon we could plainly see our pickets being driven in, the enemy advancing on them."

James then related news of special interest to New Yorkers. "A most cold hearted occurrence took place on Saturday night at Suffolk. The perpetrator was General Corcoran on the person of Colonel Kimball of Hawkins' Zouaves [a New York regiment]. It appears that General Corcoran's pickets were being driven in, and his purpose was to reinforce them. In order to do so he had to pass Colonel Kimball who had his regiment stationed as outside pickets. General Corcoran could not give the countersign when challenged [and] Colonel Kimball sustained the picket and refused to let the General pass. General Corcoran becoming incensed at this . . . drew his revolver and killed him [Colonel

[43] See Map 2.

[44] Admiral Lee's order to Lieutenant Cushing to proceed to Suffolk was sent at 4 A.M. *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, p. 713. It is possible that the excitement misled James Collins in his recollection of the time at which the *Commodore Barney* sailed.


Map of
Nansemond River and Victnity
showing scene of Naval Operations
in aid of army defense of Suffolk, Va.
Military lines from Army War Records Map
Union
Confederate
Statute Miles
Western Branch
Sack Point
Providence Church
Halliday's Point
NANSEMOND RIVER
Glebe Point or Bush's Pt.
Cemetery (Cathcart) Pt.
Hill's Pt.
Hall's Pt.
Battery
Mill Swamp
Mill Creek
Bridge
Bridge Creek
Bridge
Bridge
Bridge

Kimball] on the spot. It is feared it will go hard with Corcoran as Kimball was beloved by all who knew him as a brave man, especially by those of his regiment. The Zouaves already cry for revenge."[45] In a postscript, James added what was surely ominous news to his anxious parents, "The enemy is in sight, all hands to quarters. . . ."

Whatever minor irritations censorship may have caused military and naval personnel in World War II, there was at least one point in its favor, apart from necessary secrecy, and that is the fact that it did protect families from the additional anxiety which necessarily resulted from such cryptic accounts of forthcoming action as the Collins brothers related to their parents.

Suffolk, Virginia, situated at the head of the Nansemond River[46] which flows into the James River at Hampton Roads, was held by the Union Army at this time. Since a concentration of Union troops south of the James River constituted a possible threat to Richmond, General Longstreet was detached from Lee's army on February 26, 1863, placed in command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina[47] (with headquarters at Petersburg), and ordered to take Suffolk. Longstreet, although convinced that he could capture Suffolk from the Union forces, was not equally certain that an all-out assault was desirable.[48]

[45] Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar A. Kimball had visited headquarters at Suffolk, Virginia, on April 12, 1863, to report the arrival of his regiment. On returning to camp his attention was attracted to a sentry who had challenged a group of mounted men. The sentry had not received the proper countersign and Lt.-Col. Kimball then advanced and commended the soldier for his vigilance. The spokesman of the group attempting to pass declared that he was General Corcoran and then became engaged in a dispute with Kimball which ended by a shot from Corcoran's pistol which killed Kimball instantly. There was intense indignation among the Zouaves, since Kimball was a popular officer. Corcoran's regiment and the Zouaves (9th Regiment, N.Y. Volunteers) were both from New York City. Matthew J. Graham, *The Ninth Regiment, New York Volunteers (Hawkins' Zouaves)* (New York: E. P. Coby, 1900).

[46] See Map 2.

[47] *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1880–1901), Ser. 1, XVIII, 896. Hereinafter cited as *O.R.*

[48] Longstreet had received hints from Lee that the capture of Suffolk would be desirable. At the same time words of caution which accompanied these hints made Longstreet hesitant to risk an all-out assault. The entire Suffolk campaign was con-

Nonetheless, on April 11, 1863, despite his misgivings, Longstreet with an army of 20,000 men advanced against the Union forces under General John J. Peck. The first attack launched by Longstreet on April 11, 1863, was repulsed, whereupon the Confederate commander began a siege of Suffolk. Apart from the capture of a Confederate battery on April 19th, by a combined Union army and navy force,[49] the only other significant engagement of this campaign was the attack on April 14th by Longstreet's land batteries against Union gunboats on the Nansemond River. It was this engagement in which the Collins brothers participated. The defense of the Nansemond area by Union troops, assisted by the Navy, lasted from April 12 to April 26, 1863.[50]

The *Commodore Barney* was ordered to the lower Nansemond River at 4:00 A.M. on April 12, 1863, in an effort to prevent Confederate troops from crossing the river and thus begin a major attack on Suffolk. The naval flotilla, to which the *Commodore Barney* was assigned, consisted of the river steamer *Mount Washington*, the converted ferry, *Stepping Stones*, and two tugs, the *Cohasset* and the *Alert*.[51] Admiral Samuel Lee of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron was sharply critical of what he termed the Army's policy of occupying detached and weak positions which then required that he scatter his naval forces in order to defend them. As Admiral Lee phrased it, the Army relied on "what are called ferry boats in New York, and gun boats here, to make such positions tenable."[52]

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fused by orders and counterorders on the part of the Confederate command. Donald B. Sanger and Thomas R. Hay, *James Longstreet* (Baton Rouge, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press, 1952), 135–141.

[49] *O.R.*, Series 1, XVIII, 336–337.

[50] On April 30, 1863, Longstreet was ordered to proceed immediately to Richmond. *Ibid.*, 1032. The advent of General Hooker across the Rappahannock was of more concern to the Confederate command than the minor Suffolk campaign. The armies of Hooker and Lee met on May 2–4, 1863, at the Battle of Chancellorsville. (It was in this battle that Stonewall Jackson was mistakenly killed by his own men.)

[51] *O.R.N.*, vol. 8, p. 714. There were also two army gunboats in the Nansemond River at this time, the *West End* and the *Smith Briggs*. *Ibid.*

[52] *Ibid.*, 717.

The Admiral's exasperation increased as he received further appeals for help from the Union Army which had withdrawn its artillery from the bank of the river as the Union gunboats appeared. In a dispatch to Lieutenant Cushing, in command of the *Commodore Barney*, Admiral Lee declared that while it was "very flattering to have the Army rely on the Navy . . . it is proper that the general [Peck] should not make the mistake of foregoing . . . judicious auxiliary measures . . ." for the protection of his rear guard.[53]

Despite this inter-service acrimony the flotilla advanced to the aid of the Army. On the night of April 13, 1863, Confederate sharpshooters, firing from concealed positions on the banks of the Nansemond River, inflicted casualties on some of the crew of the *Mount Washington*. On April 14th, Confederate artillery opened fire on the Union vessels, causing enough damage to force the ships to seek safety in the wider part of the river. It was Lieutenant Cushing's efforts to silence the Confederate artillery, and thus protect the damaged *Mount Washington*, which precipitated a barrage against the *Commodore Barney*.

Gunfire between the Confederate batteries and the *Commodore Barney*, according to Lieutenant Cushing's *Report*,[54] began about 11:30 A.M. on the morning of April 14, 1863. Seven pieces of Confederate artillery caught the naval flotilla in cross fire, but by 5:00 P.M. the land batteries had been silenced. The *Commodore Barney*, meanwhile, had suffered the loss of three men killed and seven wounded, among them the Collins brothers. The dead and wounded were sent to the flagship *Minnesota* and Assistant Surgeon Samuel J. Jones, on board the *Minnesota*, reported the death of Joseph T. Collins and the severe wounding of James B. Collins.[55]

The next letter which Mr. and Mrs. Collins received contained the tragic news. Dated April 16, 1863, from the U.S. Naval

[53] *Ibid.*, 720.
[54] *Ibid.*, 721. For portrait of Cushing see p. 160.
[55] *Ibid.*, 725.

Hospital in Norfolk, Virginia, and written by a shipmate of their two sons, the letter stated:

Sir:

As a Shipmate of your Sons I am very sorry to inform you of the death of your Son Joseph and wounding of your Son James. The Commodore Barney had a engagement with the rebels in the Nansemond River, near Suffolk, and your two sons Joseph and Jim were working at the same gun when the rebels fired a shot and killed your Son Joseph and wounded James. His arm is amputated and he is all right now; he will be well in a few days. I am slightly wounded myself but not very bad. It was James left arm was shot. Write to your son as soon as you get this.

I remain yours truly

PATRICK T. CURRAN
USS Comm. Barney

Direct your letter
James Collins
Belonging to the USS Comm. Barney
now at the Naval Hospital
Norfolk, Virginia

I attended your Son Josephs funeral today; he is buried here.

In reply to the letter from Patrick Curran, John Collins, father of the two boys, wrote from New York on April 18, 1863, to his wounded son:

Our Dear Son:

It is with a heart conflicting with various emotions that we attempt to write to you. We received the note this afternoon sent by your shipmate Mr. Curran which we are under great obligations to him for his kindness. Please give him our thanks. We trust, dear James, that you are as comfortable as can be expected under the circumstances. Bear up, dear boy, as well as you can in this, your great trial and affliction, and oh! dear James, place your afflictions and hopes upon that God who alone is able to support and carry you through this bereavement and your own sufferings. We also read in the papers of today an account of your late fight on the Nansemond River together with the report of Lieutenant Cushing to the Secretary of the Navy. Dear James, Mr. Curran in his note states that you had your arm amputated but are now in a fair way of recovering. We most sincerely pray that this may be the case for it would indeed be a crushing blow to be bereaved of both of our beloved sons, but God's Will be done. He doeth all things well and we must bow in submission

to his Holy Will. Dear James, if Mr. Curran should prove correct about you and if you are able to walk around we trust you will ascertain the exact spot where your late brother Joseph was [buried]. . . . Mother continues quite feeble yet. She is somewhat better now. . . .

The courage displayed by Mr. Collins in writing to his injured son was admirable. Mrs. Collins, who was not in good health had been seriously affected by the news, and the suddenness with which it happened undoubtedly added to her grief.

On April 23, 1863, from the United States Naval Hospital at Portsmouth, Virginia, a minister from Connecticut, the Reverend Mr. Frisbie, wrote a letter for James which gave his parents some account of his condition. "I am getting along very well. It will be some little time yet before I shall be able to get about much. At present I do not get up at all but lie here in my narrow little bed all the day and all the night. I bear up as well as I can, but this is a hard kind of duty, much harder, more wearisome and tedious than duty on board ship. There is no place like home, my dear Parents, for a poor sick boy. As soon as I am able to do it, I will see whether I can forward to you the body of brother Joseph. The spot where he lies is marked so that it can readily be found."

James informed his parents that his [left] arm was amputated midway between the elbow and shoulder but that he was injured nowhere else. "My time," he wrote, "expires as you know in August. Probably my arm will not be in a state to allow me to go home much before. I will come I promise you as soon as I can, and when I do you may be sure of this, I shall not cause you any more anxiety or sorrow by enlisting again in the army or navy." James thought that he might be well and strong again, "but whether I shall make a good bookbinder any more I am not so sure." With simple dignity, he added, "I am greatly afflicted it is true, but still I can feel and can truly say that the mercy of God abounds to me a sinner. I trust in Him. I hide beneath the shelter of his wing."

It was not until June 18th that James, still in the hospital at

Portsmouth, was able to write a letter by himself. His pleasure in doing so was not diminished by his rueful comment that he doubted his own ability to read it because "the paper keeps running away from me, [and] I want the left hand to steady it, but alas! James B. has no left hand. . . ."

On June 28th, James expected to leave the hospital but his wound had not entirely healed and, in fact, his condition had been much more serious than he had revealed to his parents. Only at this time, on the road to recovery, did he write that his condition had been such that he "could not be moved from bed until the 18th of May. To tell the truth I see not how I ever recovered at all as the third day after my arm was amputated mortification got in and it tested their skill to stop it. About the third week I had a touch of the intermitting fever which pulled me down fast. However, thank God, I am over all and the stump is very nearly all healed up."

A few weeks later, on July 16, 1863, James received his discharge from the U.S. Naval Hospital at Norfolk, Virginia, and started back to "good old forty-nine Downing Street," New York City, and his family.

In spite of his injury James Collins lived for nearly forty years after his discharge from the Navy. For some time after he returned home he evidently worked in his father's book bindery which was at 69 Liberty Street, New York City, since James listed his occupation as "bookbinder," and his home address at 49 Downing Street when he applied for an increase in his pension on October 9, 1866.

About two years later, on July 4, 1868, James Collins married Hattie A. Barnes in New York City, and they had four children, a son and three daughters. The eldest, born on October 12, 1869, was named Joseph, most probably for the brother who shared James's wartime experiences and died beside him on the *Commodore Barney*.

In 1872, James Collins was appointed an Internal Revenue Officer attached to the First District in New York City. He was

also Chaplain of the Mansfield Post, No. 35, G.A.R. in Brooklyn,[56] to which he had moved some time after his marriage.[57]

James Collins died on February 11, 1903, at the age of fifty-nine. His modest obituary in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* on the following day noted that he had lived at 764 Monroe Street and that the burial service was to be held at the Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church.

[56] Henry Whittemore, "History of Mansfield Post, No. 35. G.A.R.," p. 36 in M. Quad [Charles Bertrand Lewis], *Field, Fort and Fleet . . .* (Detroit: Detroit Free Publishing Company, 1885).

[57] James Collins is first listed in the Brooklyn Directory in 1877, residing at 526 Broadway.

JAMES B. COLLINS, CHAPLAIN
Mansfield Post, No. 35, G.A.R.
c. 1885

Photo at New-York Historical Society

"UPSTATE HICKS" VERSUS "CITY SLICKERS"

by David Ellis*

RURAL FOLK and city dwellers have often eyed each other with fear and suspicion. Probably the classic example has been the feud between Paris and the provinces. At times this feud exploded into armed conflict as in 1793 and 1871. Quite often it has provided the theme for novels especially those of Flaubert and Stendhal.

Rivalry between the metropolitan centers and the countryside has also punctuated American politics and influenced American literature. For example, downstate Illinois has tried to keep Chicago under its thumb. Down in Georgia the "wool hats" at the crossroads have carefully circumscribed the influence of Atlanta. In most States, however, the cleavage is not clearcut, partly because there are several cities which compete with each other for prestige and patronage. Sometimes the citizens of smaller cities are not certain whether their interests lie with the metropolis or the countryside. For example, representatives from San Francisco, the dominant city in California in the nineteenth century and (God save the mark) a metropolis in its own right, have frequently lined up with members from the "sage brush counties" in joint opposition to Los Angeles. Furthermore, most issues do not attract support exclusively from farmers or city dwellers. Members of the urban middle class frequently distrust the aims of Labor more than they fear the farm bloc. As a result minorities in both the metropolitan centers and the countryside look for allies in other regions.†

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† An interesting recent historical study of the St. Louis–outstate cleavage in Missouri is William N. Cassella, Jr.'s "City-County Separation: The Great Divorce of 1876," in *The Bulletin* of the Missouri Historical Society, January 1949, pp. 85–104.

NEW-YORK TRICKS upon COUNTRY DEALERS.
MAGEE COMIC SKETCHES.
I'll bet any Gentleman, $10, or $3 Dollars he can't tell me where the little joker is, gentlemen, all the money I win to day is for the benefit of a poor widow woman, who lost her husband in a storm at sea, and got fourteen small children, three sucking infants & he supports entirely by the pricks of her Needle.
Now gentlemen, if you wish to assist in this benevolent undertak ing come and lose your money
of
THIMBLE RIGGERS.
C.J. POLLARD LITH
SUN BUILDINGS N.Y.

THE THIMBLE RIGGER.

LITHO. BY C. J. POLLARD, PUBL'D BY J. L. MAGEE (NEW YORK: 1846)
The New-York Historical Society

The conflict between New York City and upstate has flared up on many occasions for more than three centuries. As early as the administration of Governor Peter Stuyvesant farmers in the towns of Westchester and Long Island which had been settled by Yankees protested against the arbitrary rule of the Dutch West India Company and its representatives in New Amsterdam. Since that date "upstate hicks" and "city slickers" have disagreed more or less vigorously over issues as varied as the opening of beer parlors on Sundays, the allocation of State funds, and the inclusion of cows, so Democrats have claimed, in the population figures of upstate counties whenever legislative seats are apportioned.

Perhaps the classic expression of metropolitan grievances was

made in the 1890s by George Washington Plunkitt, the genial philosopher of Tammany Hall.

> The Republican Legislature and Governor run the whole shootin' match. We've got to eat and drink what they tell us to eat and drink, and have got to choose our time for eatin' and drinkin' to suit them. If they don't feel like takin' a glass of beer on Sunday we must abstain. . . . We've got to regulate our whole lives to suit them. And then we have to pay their taxes to boot.[1]

Plunkitt continued his lament:

> The feeling between this city and the hayseeds that make a livin' by plunderin' it is every bit as bitter as the feelin' between the North and South before the war. . . . Why, I know a lot of men in my district who would like nothin' better today than to go out gunnin' for hayseeds.[2]

Upstaters, minus the Hibernian accent, have denounced the iniquities of New York City and the shortcomings of its inhabitants. According to Stanley Walker, a New York editor writing in 1935, residents north and west of The Bronx look upon the metropolis with fear, suspicion, and envy. They assume that,

> Every other citizen is either a pickpocket or a sybarite, a con man or a Good-Time Charlie. . . . The City reeks with Jews, Catholics, atheists, communists, nudists, Republicans, Public Enemies, chow dogs, Rolls-Royces, and Heywood Broun.[3]

An anonymous letter-writer in the Albany *Knickerbocker News* for March 4, 1953, attacked New York City as a "spawning ground for Communists" and criminals and pointed out such unlovely matters as the "stench of uncollected garbage, concentrated carbon-monoxide fumes, unwashed human bodies, the slums and the tenements. . . ." In common with many citizens throughout the nation many upstaters have felt that New York City is "too big, too rich, too smug, too wet, too wild, too flip, too 'European', too proud."[4]

The gulf between upstaters and downstaters has attracted the

[1] William L. Riordan, *Plunkitt of Tammany Hall* (New York: 1948), 27.
[2] *Ibid.*, 86.
[3] Stanley Walker, "New York: the 49th State," *American Mercury*, December 1935, 476–477.
[4] Charles Merz, "Attack on New York," *Harper's*, June 1926, 81–87.

attention of observers throughout the country. Donald Davidson from his vantage point in the South remarked in 1938: "But the intellectual gap between New York City and Maine or even upper New York State, is almost as profound as the gap between New York and Mississippi."[5]

Prior to 1800, agrarian and commercial interests were the major antagonists.[6] The merchants of Manhattan disagreed with the farmers over taxes, trade regulations, and the like. Lieutenant Governor George Clarke in 1738 observed that the merchants had tried to get rid of import duties "by laying some tax on lands, but the Country members are too great a Majority against it."[7] The representatives of the farmers favored the liberal issue of paper money, a procedure which disturbed the merchants and creditors of Manhattan Island.

Probably the most interesting quarrel took place in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. The Governor and Council in 1679 granted to the millers of Manhattan the exclusive right to mill and pack flour and biscuit for export. The purpose was to establish higher standards for New York flour and thereby increase the demand in the West Indian sugar islands. Flour exports soared and New York along with Pennsylvania became known as a "bread colony." In fact, the City seal adopted in 1686 recognized the importance of the wheat trade by displaying the sails of a Dutch windmill with two barrels as well as two beavers. Governor Thomas Dongan also designated New York as a "staple port," where all inbound and outbound goods had to be unloaded or loaded. The municipal charter of 1686 confirmed these special privileges.

The "country millers" were angry about the monopoly granted the millers of Manhattan and the shipowners of Long Island disliked the requirement that all trade must funnel through New York port. During Leisler's Rebellion in 1689 they suc-

[5] *The Attack on Leviathan* (Chapel Hill: 1938), 99.

[6] The best account is Charles Worthen Spencer's "Sectional Aspects of New York Provincial Politics," *Political Science Quarterly*, September 1915, 397–424.

[7] Edmund Burke O'Callaghan, ed., *Documents Relative to the Colonial History of the State of New York*, VI, 116.

ceeded in winning the repeal of these monopoly rights. After the rebellion was put down, the new governor reimposed the bolting act but in 1695 upcountry members pushed through the repeal of the measure. The merchants of Manhattan denounced this action charging that the quality and thus the price of New York flour would decline. This prediction came true but the merchants were unable to reimpose inspection of flour mills and flour casks until 1750.

SEAL OF CITY OF NEW YORK
Drawn from original impressions
Doc. Hist. of N.Y. (1850), III, 240

The American Revolution split New York State in two. In September 1776 the British entered the metropolis and turned it into a Loyalist stronghold for seven years. As the war dragged on, thousands of Tories from up and down the seaboard fled behind British lines on Manhattan. Meanwhile, the countryside with the exception of Long Island and parts of Westchester swung solidly behind the Continentals. Indian and Tory raids on frontier settlements and the flight of many Loyalists stiffened upstate resistance to British rule.

The cleavage continued after the British troops had departed. Governor George Clinton, hailing from Ulster County and drawing most of his support from the farmers, favored drastic measures against the remaining Tories on Manhattan and Long Island. Alexander Hamilton and the more conservative Whigs tended to defend the Loyalists from proscription, partly because of family ties and partly because of fear of agrarian radicalism. Shays's Rebellion in Massachusetts shocked Hamilton and John

Jay who felt they needed the support of ex-Tories to combat the Clinton forces. After several heated elections the conservatives won this battle and by 1787 had restored the Tories to most of their rights as citizens.[8]

The ratification of the Constitution in 1788 also split the State along sectional as well as economic lines. The Federalists, relying largely upon the businessmen of the metropolis and the large landlords upstate, were anxious to establish a strong central government capable of maintaining American prestige abroad and of preserving property rights at home. George Clinton and his followers opposed strong government in principle and feared the power of the propertied classes. Hamilton did not give up the fight after Clinton won a good majority of the delegates to the Poughkeepsie convention. Hamilton set himself to winning over the moderate anti-Federalists by stressing the dangers of isolation. After New Hampshire, the ninth State, and especially Virginia, the tenth State, had ratified the Constitution, his arguments took on added weight. Apparently the Federalists used the threat of secession to persuade the moderate Clintonians not to reject ratification. John Jay wrote to George Washington in 1787: "An idea has taken air that the southern part of the State will at all events, adhere to the Union; and if necessary to that end, seek a separation from the northern."[9]

New York City won a smashing victory over the farmers when New York joined the Union. Federalism remained powerful on Manhattan for the rest of the century partly because the Capital was temporarily located in New York but largely because the property qualifications prevented many members of the lower classes from voting.

After 1800 the upstate-downstate conflict became more complex since both sections underwent changes as a result of heavy

[8] E. Wilder Spaulding, *New York in the Critical Period, 1783–1789* (New York: 1932), 115–138.

[9] H. P. Johnston, ed., *Correspondence and Public Papers of John Jay*, II, 334 ff. See Spaulding, *op. cit.*, 255 for additional references on the secession movement.

immigration, the expansion of the transportation network, and the growth of manufacturing.

New York City by 1860 evolved into the nation's economic capital dominating finance, foreign trade, and domestic commerce. It was also well on its way toward assuming the leadership in various aspects of the nation's cultural life: publishing, the theatre, fine arts, music, writing. The more New York City took on the role of metropolis for the entire nation, the less intimate and less important became its relations with upstate. Everything west of the Hudson became part of the great hinterland stretching to the Pacific.

Upstate New York experienced equally revolutionary changes after 1800. The construction of the Erie Canal created or stimulated several cities, notably Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, and Utica. Subsequently the New York Central helped to fix the location of factories in these cities. By 1900 a majority of upstaters were living in the "industrial streak" fringing the Hudson River north of The Bronx and stretching across the State from Albany to Buffalo. Italians, Poles, and other newcomers flooded into the urban centers and gave the upstate cities almost as cosmopolitan a flavor as New York City itself. On such issues as prohibition, upstate city dwellers, especially those hailing from the Continent of Europe and Ireland, joined the citizens of New York City in opposing the "Puritan" position of the rural folk. On other issues they lined up with the anti-metropolitan attitude of the farmers and villagers. Most immigrants came from the rural sections of Europe and therefore harbored a distrust of metropolitan life and institutions.

During the last century and a half several critical issues—the proper distribution of representation in the legislature, "home rule" for New York City, control of the liquor traffic, to mention only three—have recurrently caused friction.

Apportionment of legislative seats has often led to wrangling between various sections of States and countries. Note the outcry of James A. Roe, Democratic leader of Queens, in April of 1953,

against the reapportionment of Assembly seats proposed by the Republicans.[10] Roe was merely echoing the complaints of Democratic leaders that New York City has never received fair representation in the legislature. Fear of the metropolis has a long history and has affected liberals and conservatives alike. Thomas Jefferson called cities "sores" on the body politic because he feared that demagogues would control city mobs. Similarly, the ultra-conservative James Kent, Chancellor of the State of New York, in his last-ditch defense of the aristocracy in the Constitutional Convention of 1821, denounced manhood suffrage as subversive of property rights. In his speech he pointed to New York City:

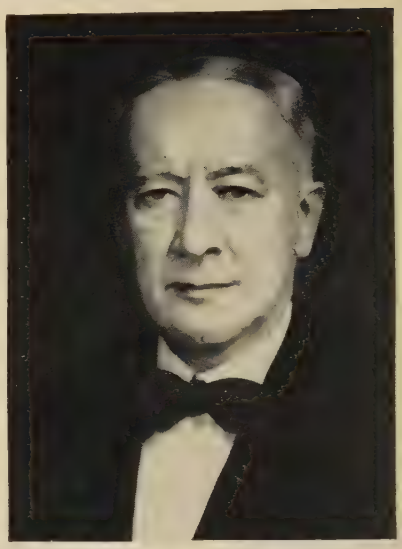
> . . . and it is no hazardous prophecy to foretell that in less than a century *that city will govern the State*. And can gentlemen seriously and honestly say that no danger is to be apprehended from these combustible materials which such a city must ever enclose.

Perhaps the clearest example of discrimination in apportionment came in the Constitutional Convention of 1894. Elihu Root and other Republican leaders were fearful that the rapid growth of New York City would mean Democratic control of the State government. Root devised the formula that no two counties divided by a river (obviously New York and Kings counties) could ever have one half of the Senate seats. Moreover, each of the 62 counties, except Hamilton and Fulton which shared one seat, was to have at least one member of the Assembly. This system has served its purpose of winning nearly continuous Republican legislative majorities to this day, although its effectiveness for a time seemed doomed to ultimate decline.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1915 the question of apportionment, again raised, quickly divided the delegates. A Republican-controlled committee proposed that Greater New York should never have more than one half of the representatives in the State legislature. The rapid growth of population in Queens and The Bronx was obviously disturbing many upstaters who

[10] *New York Times*, April 10, 1953.

concluded that the restrictive clause in the Constitution of 1894 would not be permanently effective. This proposal angered the Democratic minority including such men as Alfred E. Smith, Governor William F. Sheehan, and Robert Wagner. Smith upheld the record of New York City representatives in voting funds for roads, health, education, and canals in upstate counties even though most of the State revenues came from New York City. Noting the "constitutional majority" enjoyed by the Republican upstaters, Smith declared: "I propose to show that every time we danced together the New York chickens have been stepped on by the upstate donkey." Governor William Sheehan hinted broadly that unless New York City received fair treatment its citizens would join a movement for a separate State.[11]



ALFRED E. SMITH (1873–1944)
Detail from port. by Rittenberg
The New-York Historical Society

The 1915 debate over apportionment did not lead anywhere since the people turned down the revisions suggested by the Convention. Since 1894 the Republicans have retained control of both houses in almost every election although the people have elected several Democratic governors. Although the metropolis had in 1950 a majority of the population, it had only 92 legislators as compared with 114 for upstate. The complaints of metropolitan leaders became more subdued after 1957 when a special census showed that New York City had only 7,795,471 people, a slight decline from the figure of 1950. Meanwhile the total population of the State had risen to nearly 17,000,000 (estimated). As a result New York City today has approximately as many State

[11] New York State Constitutional Convention 1915 *Record (Unrevised)*, I, 612, 556.

legislators as its population warrants. If the present trend continues, we shall probably hear upstate Republican leaders charge that the metropolis is overrepresented in the legislature.

Home Rule, another of the most critical issues, has been the battle cry of the City against upstate dictation. Almost every generation of City Fathers has attacked the legislature and the governor for interfering in municipal affairs and for usurping City functions. For example, Council President Rudolph Halley in 1953 accused Governor Dewey of trying to make City Hall Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The most bitter fight between State and municipal officials took place in the decade before the Civil War. The government of New York City had fallen into the hands of grafting and bungling officials.[12] The City Charter by distributing authority to department heads elected by the people made it difficult to fix responsibility on the mayor and he found his hands tied. Furthermore, politicians such as Fernando Wood discovered that they could manipulate the immigrant vote. Traction interests contributed to the venality by buying franchises from the Common Council and Board of Aldermen. No doubt the breakdown of City government deserved severe censure from upstaters but similar troubles in upstate cities and counties and in the State legislature took the edge off their charges.

In 1855 the Republican Party had emerged and drawn to itself most of the Old Whigs and some of the free-soil elements in the Democratic Party. Capturing control of the State legislature, the Republicans decided to punish New York City partly because of its corrupt government but largely because of its loyalty to the Democratic Party. Members of the Republican Party distrusted the City population with its strong Irish and German contingents, its increasing number of Roman Catholics under the forceful Archbishop Hughes, its opposition to prohibition, its abhorrence of abolition, and especially its allegiance to the Democratic Party.

[12] The best account is found in Samuel A. Pleasants, *Fernando Wood of New York* (New York: 1948), 66–83.

The Republicans decided to weaken the Wood machine by placing control of the police, parks, and other functions under new boards appointed by the governor. In 1857 Central Park was placed under an eleven-man board independent of the mayor although the City budget had to provide for its support. The legislature also created a bi-partisan Board of County Supervisors to take over several functions from the Common Council controlled by the Democrats. The most sweeping action was the creation of the Metropolitan Police District of the State of New York for the counties of New York, Kings, Westchester, and Richmond. Five commissioners appointed by the governor exercised full police powers. Again, the City had to supply the money.

Mayor Wood denounced these proposals and refused to disband his police force nicknamed the "Municipals." Governor John King in the meantime appointed George Walling as head of

MAYOR FERNANDO WOOD (SIXTH FROM LEFT) BEING SERVED WITH WARRANT FOR HIS ARREST IN HIS OFFICE

Detail from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, June 27, 1857, p. 60

ATTACK OF THE METROPOLITAN UPON THE MUNICIPAL POLICE AT CITY HALL

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 27, 1857, p. 57

the "Metropolitans." Walling confronted Wood in the Mayor's office and tried to arrest him on the ground that Wood had failed to obey an order of the governor. Wood replied: "I do not recognize the legality of the service or existence of the Metropolitan Police. I will not submit to arrest . . . or concede that you are an officer at all."[13]

When Walling advanced to seize Wood, the Mayor signaled his police guard to throw the intruder out of City Hall. A pitched battle followed as fifty Metropolitans tried to storm City Hall. Badly mauled by the more numerous defenders, the Metropolitans retreated and appealed to the commanding officer of the Seventh Regiment marching down Broadway. General Sandford promptly led his forces to City Hall and forced Mayor Wood

[13] George W. Walling, *Recollections of a New York City Chief of Police* (New York: 1887), 57.

to agree to a truce. Both forces were to patrol the streets until the proper authority was determined by the Court of Appeals.

Citizens were shocked to see members of the rival police fighting each other on the streets while criminals robbed citizens in broad daylight. A state of near anarchy lasted nearly all summer, reaching its climax in the riots of July 4th and 5th between the gangs called Dead Rabbits and Bowery Boys. At the height of the riot almost one thousand men were swinging pitchforks and axes and hurling paving stones and brickbats. When the Metropolitans tried to establish order, the rival gangs banded together and drove the police back. Finally General Sandford sent in the 8th and 71st Regiments with fixed bayonets.

Wood disbanded the Municipals after the courts upheld the governor's power over the police but he continued to charge the State government as responsible for the "demoralized and feeble" state of City government. In January 1861 Wood made his dramatic proposal for a "Free City," advancing two main lines of argument.[14] He asserted that New York should not take part in an assault on "our aggrieved brethren of the slave states." Wood, a Breckinridge supporter at the Democratic convention at Charleston, was an ardent supporter of States rights and a bitter foe of abolitionism. He realized as did many important merchants of Manhattan that much of the City's prosperity rested upon its trade with the Southern States.

In his amazing message to the Common Council on January 7th, Wood recounted the long record of legislative attacks on Home Rule. He castigated the legislators as worse than the British governors, a telling point to his Irish supporters. He bewailed New York's loss of control over the police, Central Park, the Alms House Department, and the harbor board:

> It is, however, folly to disguise the fact that judging from the past, New York may have more cause of apprehension from the aggressive legislature of our own state than from external dangers. . . . For the past

[14] *Communication from His Honor the Mayor Fernando Wood Transmitted, Documents of the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York*, XXVIII, Part I (New York: 1862). See also Pleasants, *op. cit.*, 102–119.

five years our interests and corporate rights have been repeatedly trampled upon. . . .

He concluded: ". . . our city occupies the position of a conquered province, entirely dependent on the will of a distant, and to our wants and wishes, an indifferent and alien government."

Most of the press treated Wood's proposal with ridicule and contempt. The *Tribune* called him a "blackguard" while the *Evening Post* asked whether the City should annex Long Island Sound, the Erie Canal, and the New York Central Railroad.[15] Wood called several conferences of prominent merchants at his residence but nothing came of it. The firing on Fort Sumter put an end to "independence" talk on Manhattan.

Another of the critical issues dividing New York State has been control of the liquor traffic. Residents of Manhattan from the days of the redoubtable Governor Wouter Van Twiller have earned a reputation for tippling without fear and without restraint. William Gordon in 1754 observed that no other city was "more thoroughly devoted to Bacchus."[16] This taste for strong drink was reinforced by the influx of whisky-drinking Irish and beer-drinking Germans during the 1840s and 1850s. Meanwhile the temperance movement was winning thousands of converts among the evangelical Protestants on the farms, in the villages, and among the urban middle class. The temperance movement developed into a great crusade in the 1840s and its leaders adopted prohibition as their ultimate goal.[17] When Maine passed a prohibition law in 1850, the dry forces in New York redoubled their efforts. The "Maine Law" became a major issue in the State election of 1854 and the drys rejoiced to find their candidate, Myron Clark, elected to the governorship. The next year the legislature passed a prohibition statute over the protests of the Mayor and representatives of New York City. One reporter claimed that some German citizens were so enraged that they were forming a

[15] Cited by Pleasants, *op. cit.*, 115.

[16] Quoted in A. C. Flick, ed., *History of the State of New York*, II, 341.

[17] The best account is John Krout, "The Maine Law in New York Politics," *New York History*, July 1936, 260–272.

military unit to resist enforcement.[18] Tension eased, however, when the Court of Appeals struck down the law as invalid.

The legislature rushed through a law which became the basis of liquor regulation for the next forty years. The law of 1857 in effect provided for local option since citizens could eliminate saloons by electing drys to the local boards empowered to hand out licenses. In the local elections during the next decades the Republicans generally favored "high license" whereas the Democrats opposed restrictive legislation.

In 1866 a Republican legislature passed the Metropolitan Excise Act forbidding the retailing of spirits in Kings and New York counties without a license and setting a high fee for the licenses. The provision reënacting the ban on Sunday opening of saloons infuriated the Germans since a visit to the beer parlor on Sunday to listen to music and meet friends was the high spot of the week for many of these immigrants. Democratic politicians charged that the Act singled out the metropolis for special treatment and that the Republican-dominated Board of Health had the crucial power to hand out licenses. In 1870 (the same year that Boss Tweed bought a new City Charter from the legislators for $600,000) a modification of the excise law was spirited through the legislature.[19] Governor Hoffman, Tweed's pliant tool, arranged that New York City might fix its own excise rates.[20]

Meanwhile the drys organized the Prohibition Party partly to bludgeon the Republicans into respecting their wishes. They kept denouncing not only New York City but also upstate centers for permitting saloons to remain open on Sunday. The *Lancaster Star* of July 31, 1879, noted that "every saloon in the city [Buffalo] is open from 6 o'clock Sunday morning till 12 at night and the noise of their drunken occupants is forced upon the ear of Christian families on their way to church."

[18] *New York Tribune*, June 16, 1855.

[19] Ray B. Smith, ed., *History of the State of New York Political and Governmental*, III (Syracuse: 1922), 107.

[20] *Ibid.*, 417.

MAYOR WOOD SHAKING HANDS WITH JAMES LAWRENCE
IN THE GEM SALOON, BROADWAY AND WORTH STREET
Designed and lithographed by Augustus Fay, New York, 1854
The New-York Historical Society

Probably the most famous episode in the battle over Sunday closing took place in New York City after the appointment of Theodore Roosevelt as Police Commissioner. No prohibitionist, Roosevelt, nevertheless, favored law enforcement. He also wanted to end "protection" money given to policemen by the saloonkeepers. After many dramatic events which won him nationwide publicity, Roosevelt resigned his office to go to Washington. This struggle stirred up the drys and the Republicans insisted upon Sunday closing as one of their planks in the 1895 campaign.

The rural legislators passed the Raines Law in 1896 in order to cut down the consumption of alcoholic beverages and to reduce the political influence of the saloonkeepers, effective servants of Tammany Hall. The law called for high fees and for local option.

One provision permitted hotels to serve liquor with meals on Sunday but other liquor sellers had to remain closed. Many New Yorkers raised the cry of discrimination since only the rich could afford to eat out on Sundays. One ironic result of the Raines Law was that many saloonkeepers tried to meet the hotel requirement by renting rooms upstairs. In some cases these quarters became brothels, a development which confirmed rural convictions about the wickedness of New Yorkers.

In the twentieth century citizens of the upstate counties pushed through the Eighteenth Amendment over the opposition of New York City. During the 1920s citizens of New York City flouted the law by patronizing speakeasies. They rallied behind Alfred E. Smith who became the symbol of opposition to the dry cause. By securing many allies in the upstate cities they secured repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment by a handsome majority.

Gradually the idea of a "Continental Sunday" spread over the State, rippling out from New York City into the smaller cities and finally into the countryside. Of course, the popularization of the automobile was fully as important a factor as the mores of the metropolis in breaking down the "Puritan Sunday." During the 1920s many small towns held spirited elections as to whether Sunday baseball and motion pictures were permissible. At present the Sabbatarian traditions of the countryside have yielded to the customs of New York City and its cosmopolitan population.

Vitriolic as some of these verbal exchanges have been, they have not prevented the development of a common loyalty to the Empire State. Citizens from Buffalo to Montauk Point have been proud of New York City's primacy in population, domestic and foreign trade, manufacturing, and finance. Its national leadership in such cultural activities as music, fine arts, drama, and publishing has also awakened pride throughout the State.

Citizens in both the metropolis and upstate region have supported statesmen who have tried to represent the people of the entire State. Alfred E. Smith, a true product of the sidewalks of New York, won many upstate supporters because of his efforts

to raise educational levels for all children in all parts of the State. DeWitt Clinton, one-time Mayor of New York, built up some support for his Erie Canal among the merchants of Manhattan but even more backing among the the farmers of western New York.

No doubt disputes between upstate and downstate will flare up from time to time. The rapid growth of the Negro and Puerto Rican population in New York City may accentuate the traditional division. On the other hand the purely rural viewpoint is vanishing as the dairymen and truck farmers become more and more urbanized in their way of life.[21] Farmers go to church in the towns, take their milk to market every day, watch their children step into school buses which serve centralized schools, and watch the same television shows as their urban neighbors.

The dominant trend of the last two decades has been suburban growth. Thousands of New Yorkers have moved not only from the farms but also from the inner city sections to the outskirts of the cities. Industrial plants and shopping centers have followed this migration to the suburbs. The growth of suburbia leads one to believe that the typical and most influential New Yorker of the future will be neither a "hick" nor a "city slicker." Rather he will be a suburbanite. It is perhaps significant that the last three elected Governors fit in this category with abodes in both city and country. Perhaps this trend will soften the old conflict between the metropolis and upstate.[23]

[21] The urban impact on rural life can be studied in Donald G. Hay and Robert A. Polson, *Rural Organizations in Oneida County, New York*, Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin No. 871 (Ithaca: 1951), and in Arthur J. Vidich and Joseph Bensman, *Small Town in Mass Society* (Princeton: 1958).

[22] *New York Commerce Review*, November 1957.

[23] No such result is currently evident however. City leaders made renewed threats of secession in March 1959 because of the State's rejection of Mayor Robert Wagner's proposal for a tax on off-track betting and stock transfers. The Democrats charged that the City will receive only 38% of State aid to localities in the 1959-1960 budget, whereas the City provides 55% of the State's tax income. Wagner, blaming the State legislature for his inability to raise the salaries of firemen, teachers, and policemen, accused the State of "plucking the New York City tax-payers at a rate never equalled in the State's history." (*New York Times*, March 18, 1959.) Joseph T. Sharkey's resolution on April 7th calling for a committee to weigh secession from New York State passed the Council with a majority of 23 to 1.

THE VAN NEST HOMESTEAD, BLEECKER AND CHARLES STREETS, NEW YORK

Painted by John William Hill, 1832

The New-York Historical Society

UNKNOWN VIEWS OF OLD NEW YORK

by R. W. G. Vail

VII*

A Country House in Greenwich Village

DURING the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries there was no more charming suburb of New York City than the sleepy village of Greenwich, looking from its tree-lined streets down over the western meadows to the beautiful Hudson and beyond to the rural shores of Jersey. The many epidemics of New York's early days had made the little hamlet a grateful refuge for the well-to-do of the city and, coming to love the charm of its rural seclusion, they began to build their country places along its shady streets and winding lanes. Here many famous men and beautiful women lived with their children and servants in spacious mansions among ancient trees and formal gardens. They had their own cows, chickens, and spirited horses behind which they delighted to ride the two miles down to their countinghouses in the city of a pleasant morning in June.

One of the first men of importance to appreciate the beauties of this quiet rural retreat was the young commander of the British fleet stationed in New York Harbor from 1728 to 1746, later to be known as Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Warren, K. B. (1702–1752). Having been remarkably successful in taking rich French and Spanish prizes on the high seas, he employed the local merchant Stephen de Lancey to sell them, thereby making both of their fortunes. And so, in 1731, he was at last able to begin the building of a landed estate and to win his associate's daughter, the lovely Susanna, as his wife.

Being a man of some pride Sir Peter decided, by 1744, that he

* Parts I–VI of Dr. Vail's continuing series of articles on "Unknown Views of Old New York" appeared in previous issues of the *Quarterly* for April 1949 (96–101), July 1949 (149–159), January 1950 (12–17), April 1950 (124–133), and October 1955 (380–384).

needed a rural mansion of greater distinction to go with the three hundred acres which he had assembled and which were later to be the site of the growing village of Greenwich. The rolling fields of this splendid farm sloped from what is now Broadway west to the Hudson and extended north from the present Fourth Street to Twenty-first. And so he bought the adjoining place which James Henderson had purchased in 1726 and on which he had built a lovely colonial country-house some five years later.* It was located at Bleecker Street on a wooded plot bounded by today's Bleecker, Fourth, Perry, and Charles Streets, some three hundred yards back from the Hudson, and was the finest home in all the country 'round.

Though they lived during the winter in their townhouse on Broadway at Bowling Green, Sir Peter, his wife and their three lovely daughters delighted in spending their summers in the country. Here they lived happily among the friends and relatives on neighboring estates from 1744 until their return to England three years later (Sir Peter left in December 1746, his family the following year). From 1740 to 1746, when not on active duty with the fleet, he served as a member of the New York Provincial Council in which he, with his de Lancey relatives, had greater power than the governor and frequently found it possible for one related hand to wash the other to the substantial benefit of all the tribe.

When still plain Captain Peter Warren he had gained the favorable attention of the authorities by the generous offer, in April 1739, of his previous country home as the temporary meeting place of the Provincial Assembly during one of the periodic smallpox epidemics, an offer which he had renewed during the next scare, at which time that august body met in his new mansion at Greenwich during the two months' session of 1745–1746.†

* (Stokes, VI:166.) Many writers have stated incorrectly that Sir Peter Warren built the house in 1740 but the original Warren land papers in our Library prove that he bought the house and lot in 1744.

† From the official records as quoted in Stokes, III:953. Once more (according to William L. Stone), after he had returned to England Sir Peter's thoughtful invitation

But Sir Peter was no landlubber and so the year 1744 found him back on the quarterdeck of his flagship with the rank of Commodore. The following year, with an assist from Lieutenant General Sir William Pepperell and his New England provincial troops, he and his fleet captured Louisbourg from the French and in 1747 aided in the defeat of their squadron off Finisterre for which he was knighted and promoted to Vice-Admiral.

The huge profits from his French and Spanish prizes and from his speculation in some 14,000 acres of rich bottom lands which his influential brother-in-law Oliver de Lancey had helped him get in the Mohawk Valley in 1736 made Sir Peter one of the wealthiest men in England. Two years later he placed these lands in the hands of his young but capable nephew Bill (later Sir William) Johnson, the hardy frontiersman, soldier, and royal Indian Agent to the Iroquois, who administered his uncle's property faithfully for the rest of his life.

And so, having served his king and country well, Sir Peter Warren returned to Great Britain after his victories and high honors of 1747 and was elected to Parliament. He died in that office five years later while on a visit to Ireland, and there, under his native sod, he was buried, but a grateful nation warmly approved the erection in Westminster Abbey by his bereaved widow of a not-too-modest monument to his valor and achievements.

But Sir Peter, though he had won fame and fortune, died a disappointed man, for he had always wanted to return to New York as its royal governor and to end his days in the peaceful seclusion of his country place at Greenwich with its view from the western veranda of the river sloops sailing down to the city with their produce and the wooded cliffs of New Jersey in their blue haze across the sparkling waters of the Hudson. It is a strange irony that, while his rural mansion was still the property of his heirs, it should be occupied from 1759 to 1763 by another de-

to breathe the healthful air of his country place was accepted by the Assembly with grateful alacrity in 1748.

SIR PETER WARREN
(1702–1752)

GOV. ROBERT MONCKTON
(1726–1782)

The Warren is from an engraving by Charles E. Hall, New York. The Monckton is a detail from a mezzotint (London: *c.* 1761–65) by James McArdell after a painting by Thomas Hudson.

The New-York Historical Society

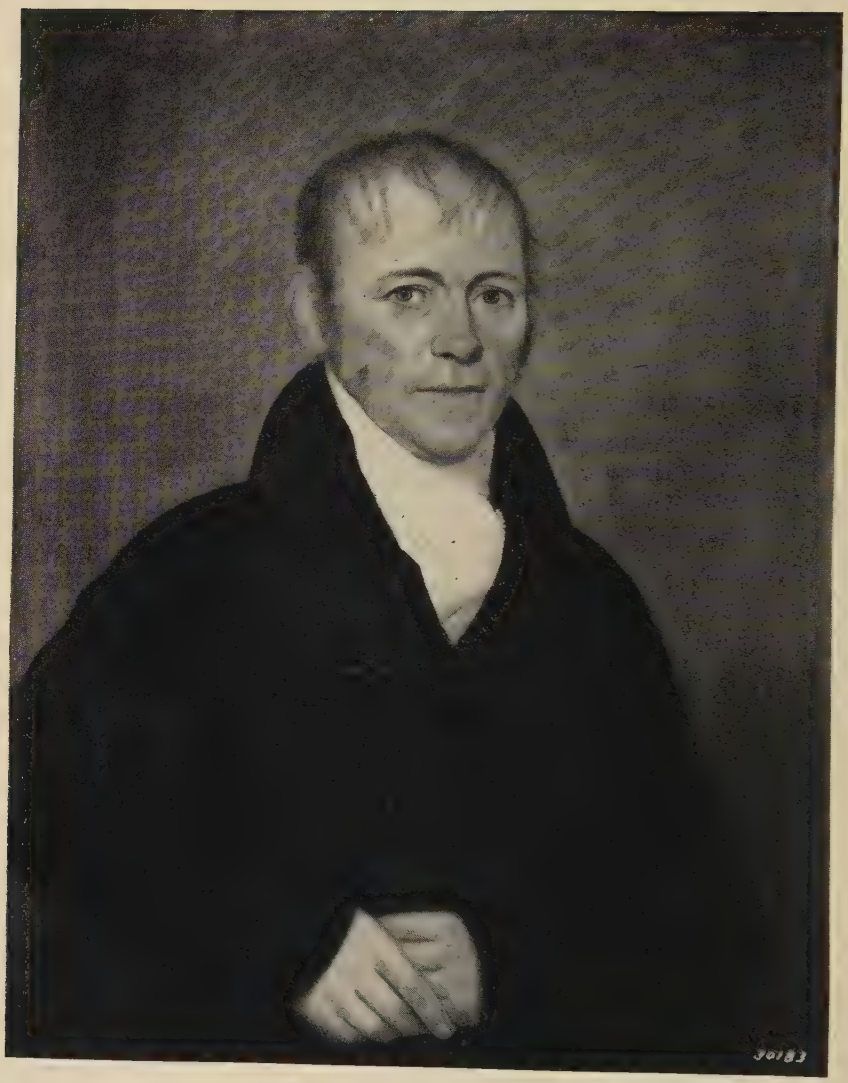
fender of his country who *did* succeed in becoming the royal governor of New York.

This, the most distinguished tenant to live in the Warren mansion after the death of Sir Peter, was General and Governor Robert Monckton (1726–1782), a famous soldier and public servant who began his military career in America when he arrived at Nova Scotia in 1752. Two years later, aged 28, he was Lieutenant Governor of that province but in 1759 was placed in charge of the British forces in New York. He was soon ordered to be second in command to Wolfe in his expedition against the French in Canada where, in the battle for the capture of Quebec on September 13th, Wolfe died on the field and Monckton was seriously wounded.

After the campaign Monckton returned to New York in

December 1759 to recuperate at the Warren house at Greenwich. But his rest was a short one, for the following year he was ordered to Philadelphia to succeed General Stanwix and, in 1761, was promoted to Major General. On March 20th of that year he was made Governor of New York and Commander-in-Chief of the Province, the post which Sir Peter Warren had longed for. Before he had had time to settle into his new duties he sailed with his army for the West Indies where, in the campaign of 1761–1762, he captured Martinique and then returned to his governorship in New York and to the pleasant life of "his seat at Greenwich." Because of his constant friction with Lieutenant Governor Cadwallader Colden, an able but crafty career official, Monckton's term of office was a stormy one. His health having suffered in the Canadian campaign, he was forced to return to England for a rest in 1763. Like Warren, he too hoped to return to the beloved country seat at Greenwich and wrote of his plans to do so, but in 1765 Sir Henry Moore was appointed to succeed him as governor, so he never saw the mansion at Greenwich again. Monckton later became a member of Parliament, was promoted to Lieutenant General in 1770, and died in 1782. The beautiful old mansion went to other but, as we shall see, no less appreciative hands.

Upon the division of Sir Peter Warren's estate among his three daughters, the fifty-five acres upon which the Greenwich Village mansion stood was devised to his daughter Charlotte, who had married the Earl of Abingdon in 1768. New York's Abingdon Square at Twelfth Street and Eighth Avenue perpetuates her name but the streets which once bore the names of Sir Peter and his other two sons-in-law have long since been changed to those of less illustrious but more appropriate Americans or to more understandable local geographical designations. This property was sold in 1788 by the Earl of Abingdon to David H. Mallen, a bolter of New York City, for $2,200. Mallen passed it on in 1794 to Abijah Hammond, Esquire, who subdivided the tract into blocks and lots and sold the house and grounds in 1802 to White-



ABRAHAM VAN NEST (1777–1864)

By unidentified American artist, *c.* 1825

Courtesy of Museum of the City of New York (Photo by FARL)

head Fish, Cashier of the Mechanics' Bank, who lived there until his death in 1819.

But times changed and so did the owners of lands and houses. Two new wars had intervened since the mansion was built; old heroes had died and were all but forgotten. And so it chanced that Sir Peter's lovely rural retreat finally found its way into the hands of another appreciative New Yorker, the last to enjoy the old Warren mansion as his country place.

Abraham Van Nest, who bought the property from the Fish estate for $15,000 in 1819, was the fifth in descent from Pieter Van Nest, born about 1600 in the Netherlands, whose son, Pieter Pieterse Van Nest, born about 1625, came from Holland to Long Island in 1652 to found the American branch of the family. His great-grandson Abraham Van Nest (1777–1864) married Margaret Field (1782–1849) in 1800 and their eleven children were brought up in the old mansion.

Having no taste for work on the family farm near Somerville, New Jersey, where he was born during the Revolution, Abraham went to New York at the age of seven to live with his older brother William (1766–1793) and learn the saddlery business at 47 Hanover Square. He was so successful that, not long after 1796, he took over the business from his widowed aunt, enlarged it to include not only harness but harness hardware and eventually developed it into one of the largest wholesale hardware businesses in the city.

Coming from a thrifty and benevolent Dutch family, it was almost inevitable that Van Nest should become a member, Elder, and benefactor of the Reformed Dutch Church and contribute to other worthwhile local charities. Appreciating the importance of the education he had been denied and having a warm heart, great energy in good causes, and ample means, he was easily attracted to the struggles of Rutgers College in his native New Jersey. He organized a successful financial campaign for the college, gave liberally himself, served on the official Board from 1825 to 1864, and was rewarded by having a college building

named after him and by a heartfelt resolution by that grateful institution of higher learning at the time of his demise.

In the line of business Abraham Van Nest, who had finally been able to add *Esquire* to his name, became President of the Greenwich Savings Bank which he had helped to found, director of various insurance companies and a member of the Board of Aldermen, but his political zeal did not go so far as to accept the proffered nomination for mayor on the Democratic ticket. He seems to have been a shrewd business man, modest but generous, a good citizen and a good Christian.

And he too, having a certain pride of achievement, was happy to be able in 1819 to purchase the old Warren place, first as his summer home and later as his year-round residence even though the city was already beginning to crowd it on the south.

It may well be that it was Squire Van Nest himself who, thirteen years later, commissioned the rising twenty-year-old artist John William Hill (1812–1879) to paint the oil "portrait" of his country-house in its ample grounds which we have just added to our collection, for it was his son-in-law Reverend Eli Baldwin (1791–1839), minister of the Houston Street Reformed Dutch Church, who exhibited the painting in the National Academy of Design exhibition of 1833. It seems reasonable to think that Mr. Van Nest commissioned the painting as a farewell gift to his daughter Phoebe, wife of Reverend Dr. Baldwin, who was about to move from her old home where she had been living with her father, her husband, and their children during 1830–1833. This 18- by 24-inch landscape shows the east front of the mansion nestled among its trees as seen from the corner of Bleecker and Charles Streets with a view west down the latter to the Hudson. It is signed in the lower right corner: *Painted by J. W. Hill, N.Y. 1832* and is identified as to subject by an inscription on the back. Hill was the son of the distinguished aquatintist John Hill who did the series of famous aquatint engravings for Wall's *Hudson River Portfolio* and whose career is covered in a definitive study by Richard J. Koke in our January *Quarterly*.

LITHOGRAPH BY G. HAYWARD FOR "VALENTINE'S MANUAL" 1854

This charming little landscape is particularly interesting to us since it is the artist's earliest known signed and dated oil painting and the first in our collection, though we previously owned a number of his watercolors, and since it is one of the very few paintings showing Greenwich when it was still a country village.

Another picture of the house, with a clearer view of the east entrance facing the gardens and Bleecker Street, appears in *Valentine's Manual of New York* for 1854. It shows the generous proportions of the two-story mansion with its roof slating from all sides to the captain's walk in the center, with porches on both the east and west fronts and with its four tall chimneys speaking eloquently of the generous warmth of friendly fireplaces and a fragrant kitchen.

Mrs. Eliza Greatorex (1820–1897) in her series of pen-and-ink drawings of *Old New York*, has one showing the western front of *The Van Nest House in Greenwich Village, 1864*, set in its tangle of ancient trees. There is also, in the privately printed family *Memorial* to Abraham Van Nest, an 1864 photograph which shows a glimpse of the tree-hidden house taken from the

LOOKING WEST ON CHARLES STREET PAST CORNER OF BLEECKER

Photo by Miss A. Rachel Minick, 1959

same corner as our painting. If we compare these early pictures with our 1959 photograph of the same street corner it is surprising and a little saddening to see what changes a century has wrought.

Here in "Greenwich" Squire Van Nest spent his peaceful later years and here he died on September 14, 1864. The following August the old mansion was abandoned and replaced by a row of brownstone houses built there on Charles Street between Bleecker and West Fourth. This block was fittingly renamed Van Nest Place though the street sign bearing this designation has now disappeared, and the ancient name lingers only in the memories of the older inhabitants of the neighborhood.

Just before the mansion was torn down General Prosper M.

Wetmore delivered a historical address in which he recorded in the sentimental language of 1865 how an inspection of the old property affected him at that time:

On the square formed by Bleecker and Fourth, Perry and Charles streets, still stands, under the shade of venerable sycamores, willows and locusts, the old family mansion known more than a century ago as the Lady Warren House.

It is a rare pleasure to find so charming a spot, with every feature of its antiquity faithfully preserved, in the midst of a densely populated section of the city. The very atmosphere of the place is filled with associations of a past age. No axe has ever invaded the sanctity of its groves. The mouldering trunks of trees that perished years ago still cast their shadows on the ground over which their youthful branches once answered with music to the breeze.

The primitive garden walks recall the hues and fragrance of ancestral flowers, while the old dove-cots on the barn, swarming with airy life, restore the murmuring notes that were sweet in long-forgotten years.

We are fortunately able to finish our picture of the famous old house by quoting from the reminiscences of the last of Abraham Van Nest's own children, Mrs. Ann Van Nest Bussing (1811–1905), whose recollections spanned the entire period of her father's ownership of the property. They were taken down by her daughter, Mary Bussing, and privately printed by the family in 1897.

Mrs. Ann Van Nest Bussing, wife of the late John S. Bussing, (now [in 1897] in her eighty-sixth year), recalls her childish pleasure when, in the eighth year of her age, her father purchased the "Warren House" at Greenwich Village—then two miles beyond the city limit—and the subsequent yearly removals from the city home in William Street, where the Corn Exchange Bank now stands, to the charming new country seat.

New York seemed far removed, and the drive to and fro a long and tiresome one, each point on the journey—Chambers Street, St. John's Park and the Old English Burying Ground—being noted in passing, as bringing one so much nearer home.

The Knickerbocker line of stages—Kip and Brown's—ran every hour to and from the village to the city, those desiring to take the trip giving notice at the office, that the stage might call for the passengers. So lonely and dark was the road at night, that when Mr. Van Nest was detained later than usual at church meetings, his wife anxiously awaited the arrival of the carriage, fearing lest harm might have overtaken him by the way.

Originally, the place extended to the Hudson River, and a double row of century-old buttonwoods formed an avenue all the way down the gentle slope to the water's edge. The house at that time was approached from the west by a circular driveway which made an extensive sweep around the lawn. This beautiful curve always remained defined, even when grass-grown.

The house stood in a perfect forest of grand old trees, horse chestnuts, willows, poplars, sycamores and locusts forming in some places an impenetrable shade. Besides these, were peach, apricot, and cherry trees, always laden in their season with delicious fruit, while a pear tree, standing guard at one corner of the house, could almost thrust its giant branches into the upper windows.

The long garden extending the entire width of the block, was in summer days a veritable fairyland of flowers, where hollyhocks and coxcombs, sweet-william and bleeding-hearts, ragged-sailors and maid-in-the-mist, bachelor-buttons and wallflowers, "old-man" and mignonette, lilies, clove pinks, phlox, poppies, larkspurs, strawberry shrub and all the other dear old-fashioned favorites grew in profusion in their fancifully shaped, box-bordered beds. During the month of June the garden was literally pink with roses.

In the spring, when the grass was studded with golden dandelions, and hedges of hawthorn, syringas, and purple and white lilacs were in bloom, and snowballs nodded over the old stone sphinx heads at the garden gate, while just below them, the lilies-of-the-valley shook perfume from hundreds of tiny bells, and violets and snowdrops peeped out on every hand, it was all so beautiful, that the remark of a former resident, upon revisiting the spot, did not seem extravagant, that "when she left, she felt like Eve leaving Paradise."

Nor must the vegetable garden be overlooked. Lying in another corner of the square, it possessed a beauty all its own—corn stalks with silken plumes, bean poles with their merry climbers, luscious melons ripening on the ground beneath, asparagus beds, currant, gooseberry, and raspberry bushes growing luxuriantly, even when brick and mortar walls finally overtook lovely "Greenwich," and closed in around this beautiful two-and-a-half acre block which held such a rare gem of genuine country life in its most refined phase.

In later years the carriage road ran through from street to street; at one side stood the stable and carriage house, and the old red cow could often be seen grazing in quiet content on the grassy slopes of the lawn. The ground on which the house stood descended so rapidly, that while the steps of the front [or eastern] veranda were five in number, those of the rear numbered fourteen. This natural hill afforded in winter days a grand coasting place for the children of the family. These undulations, grassy banks and terraces—in one of which the ice-house was hidden—

THE VAN NEST HOME IN GREENWICH VILLAGE 1864

Etching by Eliza Greatorex in her

Old New York from the Battery to Bloomingdale (New York: 1875), p. 68

increased the rural aspect and added greatly to the general picturesqueness.

A wide hall extended through the house, and from the first landing of the broad, old-fashioned staircase a tall "ancient time piece" ticked its continuous song. . . .

Four times did the wedding bells ring, when one daughter after another received the marriage blessing in the spacious but home-like parlor,

while the family portraits which lined the walls looked calmly down upon the succeeding festivities. . . .

The gatherings at Christmas-tide, when the entire family, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren—in later years numbering about fifty—rallied at the old homestead to cluster around the beloved patriarch and exchange "Merry Christmas" greetings, are now remembered as "story-book times," as "fairy tales," or "beautiful dreams of long ago."

Dearly did the little children love to stand by "Grandpa's" side, and feed the pigeons from the "Study" window, when in response to his gentle call of "coo-coo," there would be a sudden fluttering in the dovecots, and like a cloud of grey and white, the birds would alight on the grass by scores to receive the handfulls of corn which were showered upon them. In this same room, the *sanctum sanctorum*, were initiated many plans for the promotion of the welfare of the Reformed Dutch Church, whose interests were so dear the heart of Mr. Van Nest. . . .

Especially were the doors thrown open to the clergy, who were most welcome and frequent guests.

On the ground floor was an interesting relic of olden times—the double Dutch door, which opened gardenward; and often might be seen leaning upon it the old colored Aunty who during Mr. Van Nest's childhood had lived as a slave in his father's family, afterward serving nearly forty years in his own, and whose descendants remained with him to the end of his life.

The cellar, with its stone floor, and hanging shelves laden with shining pans of milk and cream, its churn producing the delicious home-made butter, and the intensely cold and icy vault below, all became in time curiosities, as the city drew near, invaded, and finally captured the little village of Greenwich, and then passed rapidly on to lay its vigorous and prosaic hand on other suburban districts further up town.

Notwithstanding these encroachments, Mr. Van Nest "pursued the even tenor of his way," and retained this beautiful spot as his home—a refreshing oasis in the city of New York—until his death in 1864, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

Shortly afterward it was sold, the trees felled, the house demolished, and the whole place, so filled with sacred associations, swept out of sight; but never will it cease to exert its magic spell over the minds and hearts of those members of the family circle who were old enough to remember the happy, happy days at "Grandpa's house at Greenwich."

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Abraham Van Nest, Esquire

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–1919)
Lithograph by J. Ludovici, 1885
The New-York Historical Society

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE EARLY PATTERN

by CARLETON PUTNAM*

THEODORE Roosevelt was born a hundred years ago to a mid-Victorian household in the largest city in the United States and to a family of substantial wealth and social position. We have today families of wealth and social position, and we certainly have large cities, but we no longer have mid-Victorian households. A word about the one in which Theodore Roosevelt grew up is necessary to any understanding of his character as a youth, and particularly to the two aspects of it I would like to stress in this article.

Those of you who have read Walter Houghton's *The Victorian Frame of Mind* will realize that this mind was more conflictful than has commonly been supposed. There was less of security, more of doubt, behind the facade of assurance than our grandfathers themselves realized. Eighteenth-century ideas and ideals in almost every area of thought were beginning to be challenged, and much of the authority, the imperiousness, the didactic tone in nineteenth-century behavior may be traced more to a fear of losing existing standards than to any overwhelming confidence in them.

But if this was the rule, I would say that the Roosevelt household was the exception that proved it. I venture the guess that few families of the Victorian age felt less conscious—or unconscious—doubt about their religious, moral, or intellectual ideals than did the Roosevelts. Young Theodore's father I am tempted to call a genuine paragon of sincere virtue. To begin with, he was a man of unfailing devoutness and Christian charac-

* Mr. Putnam, author of *Theodore Roosevelt: The Formative Years, 1858–1886* (1958), the first volume of a four-volume biography in progress, delivered an address on this subject before The New-York Historical Society, October 7, 1958. This address has been condensed to form the present article.

ter. Men who worked most closely with him in his charities were to speak of him after his death in superlative terms. One of them wrote:

> I have watched him for over twenty years, until I have grown to love and honor him, and think of him as I hardly thought of any other man I know. He seemed to be able to control the strongest affections of the heart, and to reach men who were not easily drawn into affection by other men, and to hold them with hooks of steel. . . . I hardly know any other man in this city or elsewhere that had so much strength, so much heart, so much of all that goes to make true Christian manhood. . . . "Theodore," I once said, "I always liked your name," referring to its Greek etymology, "the gift of God." "Why may we not change the particles," he replied, "and make it a gift to God?"

The elder Theodore's practical Christianity shows itself nowhere better than in a letter he wrote his wife when they were about to move from their home on 20th Street in New York into a new house on 57th Street. (It's a letter that I wish now I'd included in my first volume.) Mrs. Roosevelt was in Europe to be near the children who were spending the summer with a German family, and Theodore, Senior, was doing his best to supervise the height of lighting fixtures and other matters which confront all home-builders. On August 17, 1873, he wrote her this:

> All the workmen are fortunately not only very good men but interested, for which I feel duly thankful. Of course we can now see some things that could be improved but as a whole they will probably be all that we could desire, and certainly more than we ever hoped to own when we were first married. Our happiness there however will depend upon ourselves. I do hope as years roll on we will be able more nearly to follow the example and precept of that one whose every action was so perfectly unselfish, and learn to bear one another's burdens. This change marks an era in our lives and is another evidence of how years are flying by, and those which are left are becoming fewer and fewer in which we can add to one another's happiness. Let us both go into the new house with this thought, and not let it be smothered by the little cares of life.

Among the things which the elder Roosevelt taught his son was first of all the need to strengthen a fragile body because, as

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, SR. (1831–1878)

Photo at NYHS

the father expressed it, "you have the mind, but you have not the body, and without the help of the body the mind cannot go as far as it should." The son, as you know, answered with characteristic determination, "I'll *make* my body." And, of course, as you also know, he did. That side of T. R. has been talked about so much that I shall not dwell on it here, except to note that the origin of his inspiration was his father, in this as in so much else. His father was an energetic, vigorous man who said of himself to the end of his life that he "never seemed to get tired." But the important point was his emphasis on health and physical strength, *not as an end in themselves, but as a means to vital energy of the mind and will.* T. R. all his life believed that the force of wrong must be met, if necessary, by the force of right, and that consequently it was the business of good men to be stronger than evil men—stronger physically, and in the other areas of intellect, heart, and character that rest on physical foundations.

I might add that when Roosevelt had a family of his own there was a saying in it that "sickness is always a shame and often a sin." I think this came from the second Mrs. Roosevelt, and that she got it from her ancestor Jonathan Edwards, but exactly the same attitude prevailed a generation earlier. Health was always regarded as at least in part a function of character, and character as a function of health.

It is interesting to notice the order of importance in which the major aspects of college life were listed by the elder Theodore for his son when he entered Harvard. "Take care of your morals first, your health next and finally your studies." Such an admonition might have been ignored by some boys, but nothing his father said to him was ignored by T. R. Respect, obedience, love, all were combined in the relationship. In one letter home, early in his college course, young Theodore wrote:

> Lately I have been around at the boys' houses quite often and have seen a good deal of their home life. . . . I can't help being more and more struck by the fact that if the parents are good and *wise*, the son generally does pretty fairly too. [*And again I quote from another letter:*] I do not think there is a fellow in college who has a family that love him as much

as you do me, and I am *sure* that there is no one who has a father who is also his best and most intimate friend, as you are mine.

But the tremendous influence which his father was in his life is shown best of all in the entries the boy made in the private diary he kept at the time the elder Roosevelt died. On February 12, 1878 (young Theodore was then a sophomore), this diary reads:

He has just been buried. I shall never forget these terrible three days; the hideous suspense of the ride on; the dull inert sorrow, during which I felt as if I had been stunned, or as if part of my life had been taken away; . . . I feel that if it were not for the certainty, that as he himself has so often said, "he is not dead but gone before," I should almost perish.

And then as that year wore on, I take random examples from the same journal:

Every now and then it seems to me like a hideous dream. . . . Sometimes when I fully realize my loss I feel as if I should go wild. . . . He was everything to me; father, companion, friend. . . . He shared all my joys, and in sharing doubled them, and soothed all the few sorrows I ever had. . . . It is impossible to tell in words how terribly I miss him. . . . Every event of my life is bound up with him; he was as pure and unselfish as he was wise and good. . . . How little worthy I am of such a Father. . . . How I wish I could ever do something to keep up his name.

But his grief was never defeatist. Usually he ended his entries with a prayer for courage to follow in his father's footsteps. He turned to religion, not as an escape, but as a source of strength. "With God's help," he wrote, "I shall try to lead such a life as Father would have wished. . . ." On a summer Sunday on Long Island, commenting upon a sermon, he said, "I was much struck with one remark, that Christianity gives us, on this earth, rest *in* trouble, not *from* trouble." And many times in this period he read over the elder Theodore's favorite chapter in the Bible ending with the verse, "But that the world may know that I love the Father; and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do."

There were many other factors in Roosevelt's childhood. He had a piquant, humorous, highly affectionate mother. He had a family background that was rich in traditions of public service.

But I must let his relationship to his father stand as a symbol for them all. As he himself put it in later life:

> I was fortunate enough in having a father whom I have always been able to regard as an ideal man. It sounds a little like cant to say what I am going to say, but he really did combine the strength and courage and will and energy of the strongest man with the tenderness, cleanness and purity of a woman. I was a sickly and timid boy. He not only took great and untiring care of me . . . but he also most wisely refused to coddle me, and made me feel that I must force myself to hold my own with other boys and prepare to do the rough work of the world.

T. R. also said: "My father was the best man I ever knew. . . . He never physically punished me but once, but he was the only man of whom I was ever really afraid." Here, you see, was respect coupled with a righteous fear—the fear of one who knows that the object respected has the self-confidence and the power to enforce that respect.

So I leave the Victorian household and come more particularly to the young man it produced, or rather to the two facets of his nature that I've chosen to discuss. The first I will sum up in the word *leadership*.

The outstanding thing to me in my study of Theodore Roosevelt's early life has been his clear perception of a public man's duty to the people in a democracy. Average men and women are busy with their own affairs. They don't have either time or opportunity to study exhaustively the details of public questions. But there is at least in theory—and I hope in practice—a great repository of common sense and sound judgment in them. In this framework you place the public man who is devoting all his time to public questions and who, we also have a right to hope, has had perhaps a better than average education. This public servant studies an issue and then goes before the people with a recommendation—he pleads a cause, he presents arguments, he educates, and then he rests his case—whereupon the people render their verdict. If he loses, he's out, and the other side is in. If he wins, he considers he has a mandate, and he carries that mandate through, regardless of day-to-day pressures.

Young Roosevelt had firm ideas when it came to this subject. In a speech in the New York Assembly in 1883 he made these remarks:

> We have heard a great deal about the people demanding the passage of this bill. Now, anything the people demand that is right it is most clearly and most emphatically the duty of this Legislature to do; but we should never yield to what they demand if it is wrong. . . . If the people disapprove our conduct, let us make up our minds to retire to private life with the consciousness that we have acted as our better sense dictated; and I would rather go out of politics having the feeling that I have done what was right than stay in with the approval of all men, knowing in my heart that I had acted as I ought not to.

In other words, Roosevelt believed that it was not the function of a public official to vote as a rubber stamp for his constituents. If he turned out *not* to be the kind of man—with the kind of judgment—they wanted, then they should retire him at the next election. Under no circumstances should they expect him to serve as an errand boy for transient impulses back home, or for pressure groups, or even for Gallup polls.

Let me make this point especially clear. I am not suggesting a situation in which a leader forces his views upon others. There was nothing of the tyrant in Roosevelt. It was rather a case of a leader qualifying himself to speak and to lead by rigorous development of his own intellect and character, his own knowledge and understanding, and then, both by example and by precept, presenting both himself and his views for final judgment. Roosevelt believed passionately in the right of the people to pass final judgment, but he believed equally passionately in the duty of public men to give the people something to pass final judgment on. Much later he was to put the matter in the following words, but he was only expressing then what had been his policy from the beginning:

> People always used to say of me that I was an astonishingly good politician and divined what the people were going to think. This really was not an accurate way of stating the case. I did not "divine" how the people were going to think; I simply made up my mind what they *ought* to think, and then did my best to get them to think it.

I come now to the second quality. This one is more difficult to sum up in one word. Perhaps I could approach it by speaking of Theodore Roosevelt's conception of the American way of life, but it might be more accurate to speak of his conception of life itself. Pressing the matter further, I come down to two words and I leave the choice to you. One is the verb "*deserve*," and the other is the verb "*earn*."

I am convinced that Roosevelt would have been wholly out of sympathy with that part of our modern liberal trend which assumes that all our ills are due to our mistreatment of the forgotten man. In reading through so many of our modern sociologists—most of them brilliant and compassionate men—I find myself involved in pages of admonition on how we must raise everybody's standard of living, abolish poverty and so forth—certainly a desirable goal—but one is left with the impression that this is to be accomplished solely by Somebody ceasing to be unfair to Somebody Else. All poverty, all discrimination are due to injustice. The possibility that one man might be poor and another rich because he *deserved* to be, never seems to occur to these writers. The possibility that one "ethnic group" or one class might be discriminated against because it hadn't, on the average, *earned* the status of another group or class is never considered. Money and status are deemed things that should rain down, like the gentle dew from Heaven, equally upon the just and the unjust, the deserving and the undeserving.

This point of view isn't a new one. From the beginning of the industrial revolution, with its ruthless factory system, cries began to go up that were easy to understand, even when they were couched in wholly emotional terms. As early as 1849, we find James Anthony Froude writing in his *Nemesis of Faith:* "How can a man grow rich except on the spoils of others' labor? His boasted prudence and economy, what is it but the most skillfully availing himself of their necessities, most resolutely closing up his heart against their cries to him for help?" Of course, many men *did* and *do* grow rich on the spoils of others' labor, just as many

men commit murder and various less violent offenses against the law and against morals every day of the year. But to suggest that such is the general rule, or the inevitable tendency, of a free enterprise system is utter nonsense.

Anyone who has been in business knows only too well that the ability to organize and direct the labor of others toward productive ends, as well as the imagination to conceive the ends, and the capacity and integrity to accumulate the capital for labor to work with, are rare indeed and, as a rule, worth every penny they earn. Making a whipping boy out of them is dangerous, because the result, as time goes on, is to deny any virtue to forethought or intelligent effort or provident behavior, either in business or personal life.

Here again you have the need for the golden mean between unregulated buccaneering on the one hand and over-regulated paternalism on the other, and here once more stands Theodore Roosevelt as the exponent of the reasonable middle course. It is another reflection of his balanced view of life—and particularly of the American way of life, and it showed itself early in his career. That men should be rewarded according to their deserts, that compassion cannot become indulgence without destroying the fiber of the nation, that a practical understanding of human nature, of its dependence on incentives, condemns the philosophy "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need"—a philosophy that too easily becomes the draining of success to support failure—all these were a part of T. R.'s instinctive realizations as a youth.

An excellent example of my point is contained in a letter T. R. wrote from London on his way back from a vacation abroad when he was twenty-two, in which he says:

> This summer I have passed travelling through Europe, and although I have enjoyed it greatly, yet the more I see, the better satisfied I am that I am an American; free born and free bred, where I acknowledge no man as my superior, *except for his own worth*, or as my inferior, *except for his own demerit*.*
>
> * Italics added.

Although Theodore Roosevelt was to become the great progressive of his generation, and although one of his own daughters was to feel that he started the trend to statism in America, nevertheless there was nothing of the leveler in this man. Part of his incompatibility with Thomas Jefferson, which was a life-long matter, was his distrust of preachments of theoretical equality, accompanied by what he considered insufficient acceptance of the practical realities of human nature and the need of men to be reminded of their duties as well as of their rights. There was another factor, of course, which we have touched upon earlier: that to make a man's words worth anything his acts must speak even louder, whereas Jefferson, after writing the Declaration of Independence, left the fighting to others, let Washington, Hamilton, and Marshall spend the winter at Valley Forge while he kept warm at Williamsburg. This is a subject I perhaps should have considered under my first point of leadership—leadership by example as well as precept, leadership which is symbolized by Roosevelt's personal plunge into the fighting in the Spanish-American War—but it serves to explain his feeling about Jefferson as a man. Roosevelt was very articulate himself, he could state things very well, but he was also a man of action. For him, words had to have the sanctification of the capacity and courage and willingness to *act*. Henry Adams once spoke of Roosevelt as "pure act" which, of course, was pure nonsense. But Roosevelt was a doer as well as a speaker of the word, and men who were only speakers sometimes envied and disliked him for it.

To continue, now, with these verbs "earn" and "deserve," Roosevelt wrote, when he was still in his thirties, "in the long run, the only way to help people is to make them help themselves." (Shades of his father.) I am reminded of a definition I once heard of the difference between social legislation and socialistic legislation. "Social legislation," it ran, "helps men to help themselves. Socialistic legislation helps them in spite of themselves." I think Roosevelt would have agreed. In fact he was very uncompromising about this matter at first. In a speech in the New

York Assembly at the age of 25 he remarked that once a man was permitted to tie himself to the apron strings of the state, he would become no more self-reliant than an infant. To seek such protection was un-American and to receive it was unmanly. And again in a different context, speaking of his Bad Lands days and of his life out West, he wrote: "Everybody worked, everybody was willing to help everybody else, and yet nobody asked any favors."

This is not to say that Roosevelt lacked compassion. The youth who rebelled against cigar-making in tenements when the powers-that-be were solidly against him would, I think, have been found supporting much that has happened in our liberal era. However, I do doubt acceptance by him of the enjoy-things-before-you've-earned-them climate that goes along with our installment-plan economy. Roosevelt was self-made in a sense more significant than the financial. There was never a more startling case of remaking a physical body against great odds. He had colossal determination and persistence. He *earned* by desperate effort every success he had. When he said "The law of a worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife; it is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage that we move on to better things"—he was speaking from personal experience.

The willingness to say "Well done," and also the courage to say "Badly done"—to say "You've earned this," and also to say "You *haven't* earned that"—are as necessary in a democracy as anywhere else, and Roosevelt knew it. Our modern tendency to excuse everything under a sort of blanket Freudian appeasement policy—to placate delinquent children, to find that our first reaction when someone spits in the face of our Vice President is to ask "What's the matter with *us*?" instead of "What's the matter with *them*?"—would not have appealed to Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt liked to call a spade a spade, whether it got him a vote or whether it didn't. He could admire character in a poor man and despise the lack of it in a rich man, *and* he could admire character in a rich man and despise the lack of it in a poor man.

He had a friend in the New York Assembly named William O'Neil who ran a small crossroads store in a backwoods county. O'Neil was one of his closest and most admired colleagues and of him he wrote:

> In all the unimportant things we seemed far apart, but in all the important things we were close together . . . fortune favored me, whereas her hand was heavy against Billy O'Neil. All his life he had to strive hard to wring his bread from harsh surroundings and a reluctant fate; if fate had been but a little kinder, I believe he would have had a great political career.

On the other hand, Roosevelt called Jay Gould and his colleagues, who were the most powerful tycoons of the time, "infernal thieves and conscienceless swindlers"—"men furnishing part of that most dangerous of all dangerous classes, the wealthy criminal class."

Roosevelt, let me repeat, had no use for appeasement. Any of these modern theories that evil is an illness to be treated by kindness or compromise, in lieu of firmness and punishment, would have appalled him. Kindness was all very well as a reward for repentance; he fully accepted the biblical truth that the Lord desireth not the death of a sinner but rather that he turn from his wickedness and live. This was a different thing, however, from the placating of evil from the outset, or the lax acceptance or extenuation of wrong out of fear of the wrongdoer, or out of some notion that the evil in man is best eradicated by stroking his fur in a soothing direction.

This matter is undoubtedly just another aspect of Roosevelt's stress on the importance of the individual in a democratic society. What the individual does is the essential thing, and the rewards and penalties should be distributed accordingly, not leveled out in a gray twilight of equality. There has been a trend among reform writers to decry the term "individualism," to deplore Roosevelt's emphasis on it, because it's a concept contaminated by what they call Social Darwinism—part of the law of the jungle which all right-minded people ought to shudder away from in

horror, and from which we are supposed to have at last escaped when the New Deal came to power. Indeed I think that Roosevelt was entirely correct when he pointed out that our Constitution protects the individual from the oppression even of the majority in the state, or at least hedges the majority about with strong controls, in the interest of the freedom of the individual. He put this rather well the summer he was twenty-six. In a book he was writing at that time he said:

> The majority in a democracy has no more right to tyrannize over a minority than, under a different system, the latter would have to oppress the former . . . the saying that the voice of the people is the voice of God may be quite as untrue, and do quite as much mischief, as the old theory of the divine right of kings. The distinguishing feature of our American governmental system is the freedom of the individual; it is quite as important to prevent his being oppressed by many men as it is to save him from the tyranny of one.

In other words, within the limits set by every other man having the same right, every man has the right to make the most of himself.

At every turn we find in Roosevelt an ideal of life as a continuous development of character—a realization that the only true definition of happiness *is* a sense of a continuously developing character, that there we have the final purpose of life—a realization also that this ideal can only be approached in a society cleared of the deadly restraints of conformity and of the notion that you are necessarily as good as your neighbor or that your neighbor is necessarily as good as you are. Potentially, in the sight of God, yes; before the law, yes; in equality of opportunity, yes; in all other respects, prove it.

And here the circle swings back to the beginning. A democracy should have the benefit of leaders rising in a fluid society, a society where distinction is respected more than conformity. I believe that Roosevelt would have shared Ortega's fear in his *Revolt of the Masses*, that we are faced with an era of what Ortega called "the sovereignty of the unqualified." The Achilles' heel of a democracy is the notion that freedom and equality of

opportunity are the same things as license and equality of capacity.

It has been the style in recent generations to criticize and even ridicule the Victorian frame of mind, stressing as Houghton does, the doubts and the hypocrisy, the ignorance, the suppressions and the cruelty that can be found in those by-gone days. Human nature tends to swing always from one extreme to another. When we discover flaws in something good that once we put great faith in, we grow resentful and discard good and bad together, often swinging to something worse. This has been perhaps too often the case in the fields of religion and morality, and in other areas of Victorian life. The significant thing about the Roosevelt family on 20th Street was not only that their Victorianism was sincere beyond the average, but that the values in it were the enduring values that any era, I think, can do well to ponder.

In the young Theodore there was a belief in the duty of man to obey a fundamental law—whether you call it a religious or a moral or an intellectual belief makes no difference to my point now—a belief that there is a right and wrong, and an accountability. And as he grew older there was also a reasonableness, a certain centering of the pendulum—an on-the-one-hand-this, on-the-other-hand-that quality that Mr. Dooley used to make fun of—that bespoke his balanced mind. Consequently it seems to me that here was a man around whose memory those who sense an over-drift in modern liberalism can rally—a man who believed in social justice but who despised the social leech, whether rich or poor; a man who believed in equality of opportunity, but who saw that equality in most other respects is completely incompatible with freedom—that if men are free they won't be equal, and that where men are equal they are not free—a man who would not appease evil or violence or lawlessness under the cloak of liberalism, a man who was compassionate, but who was also honest, realistic, and wise.

To my mind, if there is one lesson out of that Victorian house-

hold of which we stand in need it is that there *are* things that deserve respect and reverence, and concerning which respect and reverence ought to be exacted from those not yet wise enough or mature enough to pay it otherwise.

We might even ask the question: to what extent is Ortega's "sovereignty of the unqualified individual" due to the abdication of the qualified? Have we seen a loss of self-confidence and force —which is to say a loss of leadership—on the part of the qualified? If so, there is one man whose example can call us back, and that man is Theodore Roosevelt.

I have been talking in terms of two facets of Roosevelt's nature which I think have meaning in the context of our modern world. I am not blind to his imperfections, any more than I am blind to the limitations in the Victorian point of view as a whole. Roosevelt could be intolerant, and impatient of weakness where it may not always have been the victim's fault; he could be preachy; he could be ruthless; he could be arrogant. He could be impulsive sometimes—not often—in his judgments in matters that required more studied deliberation. But are not all men somewhat like rubber bands—if they're pulled out a long way in one direction, they're bound to shrink somewhere. None of us can stretch in all directions. Surely Roosevelt stretched further—in more directions—than most men.

On balance, the Roosevelt mind provides us with as much as we have a right to expect of any one individual. Let's give the Victorian household, and this man who was its product, their due. In my judgment, the terminal emphasis must be that there were many things worth conserving among the values they represented. I would call them timeless values. And so when I hear people speak of the "last Victorian," or the "last Puritan," or in other ways imply that everything about those days, and this man, is "old-fashioned" or "dated" now, I cannot escape a protest. I would like to be excused from calling Theodore Roosevelt a last Victorian. I would like to be recorded as calling him a valiant Victorian.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Americans: The Colonial Experience. By Daniel J. Boorstin. (New York: Random House, 1958. [vii] + 434 pages, biblio. notes, index. $6.00.)

Reviewed by Carlos R. Allen, Jr., *Assistant Professor of History, Colorado State University.*

In every generation, in nearly every decade since Crèvecoeur, Americans have asked themselves his famed question, "What then is the American, this new man?" Now again the question is asked, this time by Professor Daniel J. Boorstin. Looking back over our past experience the author seeks to find explanations of the American character. How well this objective is achieved will depend, in large part, on the next two volumes in the series, a series which is designed to carry the story of the development of the American character to the present. This first volume, dealing with Colonial years, is an auspicious beginning.

Dr. Boorstin writes well and provocatively and although the source of the provocation is often semantic rather than substantive the work does stimulate thought and argument concerning these early years of the American experience. This is no simple textbook approach; the author has presented, with considerable thought, a selective and highly interpretative approach to certain problems which he feels to have played a significant role in the development of the American character. After a discussion of the various sorts of Colonists: the Puritan "conservative," the "inward" Quaker, the Georgia "victims of philanthropy," the Virginia "transplanters," and their respective reactions to Colonial stimuli, the reader is led through the avenues of Colonial education, the professions, the sciences, the literary output and intake, and finally into Colonial warfare and diplomacy. No one will always agree with Dr. Boorstin's interpretation on every point, but in this work we do have a major effort to re-evaluate our past and, if this new examination is not always as novel as the publisher would have you believe, at least the approach is generally fresh, free from old clichés, and well above average in style.

Dealing with such broad subjects as he has chosen, the author has faced a problem of organization with the result that at times one receives the impression that the outline shows through. Seventeen chapters in the first hundred pages seems excessive, especially since some of these have paragraph heads as well. The reader often finds that such fragmentation impedes an otherwise freely flowing narrative. Obviously this is a work which is built upon a firm foundation of scholarship; a volume which should be on the shelves of any library which pretends to concern itself with American history. It closes with "Bibliographical Notes" of nearly fifty pages which should be of real help to students in America's colleges

and universities. Valuable as these "Notes" are for some purposes, they are difficult to use in connection with the book itself and, unfortunately, do not adequately replace the old-fashioned footnote.

Here then begins a new interpretative account of America's past; successive volumes will be anxiously awaited. Because it is written from a broad base of knowledge with the addition of charm and wit, the general reader will find it both fascinating and informative. The professional historian will find all this and challenge as well.

Early American Book Illustrators and Wood Engravers, 1670–1870. A Catalogue of a Collection of American Books, Illustrated for the most part with Woodcuts and Wood Engravings in the Princeton University Library. With an Introductory Sketch of the Development of Early American Book Illustration. By SINCLAIR HAMILTON. Foreword by FRANK WEITENKAMPF. (Princeton: Princeton University Library, 1958. xlviii + 265 pages, 125 illus., indexes. $15.00.)*

Reviewed by DAVID B. LAWALL, *graduate student, Department of Art and Archaeology, Princeton University.*

In his book, *A History of American Art* (1901), Sadakichi Hartmann asserted that "Our art of illustration is scarcely half a century old. Before the war illustrated magazines and illustrated books were an exception. It was only after La Farge had manifested his talent in Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden,' in the 'Songs of the Old Dramatists' and 'Songs of Feeling and Thought,' that illustration was taken up as a special profession." And Elihu Vedder in *The Digressions of V.* (1910), echoed the same thought when he wrote: "Serious book-illustrations were unknown in the beginning of that short period [the years of the Civil War],—at least with us,—and were established before it was through. It commenced about the time I made those now forgotten illustrations for 'Enoch Arden.'" This idea was to a degree revised by Frank Weitenkampf, who in his *American Graphic Art* (1912), dealt briefly with such pre-Civil War illustrators as T. H. Matteson, J. G. Chapman, and F. O. C. Darley. But it has remained for Sinclair Hamilton to bring together and catalogue more than thirteen hundred printed items in which the history of American illustration can be traced back to 1677—if, as I think is proper, we consider John Foster's "White Hills" map as an illustration.

In his introduction Hamilton writes of the large project he has envisaged and to which his catalogue makes a substantial contribution: "The history and development of American illustration, especially in relation to the illustrator or designer as distinguished from the engraver or craftsman, is a subject which has never been adequately explored. Yet

* This volume has just been chosen one of the fifty best-printed books of the year, an award sponsored by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

this development, even in its crude beginnings, is part of the cultural development of this country and hence not without significance. It would seem well worth while to trace the evolution of illustration in America from the days of its complete dependence on foreign models and tradition until there finally emerged an American school of illustration, to analyze the various influences, literary or otherwise, which contributed to this result, and to attempt to throw some real light on the personalities and artistic achievements of the men who brought the change about." It is the images—visualized conceptions depicting events and places, reflecting modes of life, ideas, feelings, and changing pictorial styles through two hundred years—that have interested the author.

The importance of the catalogue lies precisely in the fact that it provides the key to one major area of the history of American book illustration. The catalogue is essentially a guide to reproductions of paintings and drawings by a host of artists—including many who are otherwise relatively little known or totally unrecorded. Thus we are presented with an insight into the amount of creative activity that is a part of our cultural heritage, and we are directed to well-preserved and easily dated monuments of that heritage.

The character of the crude 17th- and 18th-century relief cuts is so different from that of the 19th-century wood engravings that the author has done well to catalogue separately the work of the two periods. As the names of the designers of the early cuts are rarely known, it is of primary importance to know what kind of work was being done at what time. For this reason the earlier publications are catalogued chronologically. The difficulties of organizing the 19th-century illustrations were not so easily to be solved. The designers of many of the wood engravings by Anderson, G. Lansing, W. Mason, J. W. Barber and others cannot be identified, and yet this work could not have been omitted without leaving a gap in the history of illustration. Rather than lump the engravings by these artists together as anonymous, Hamilton has catalogued them under the name of the engraver, and inserted a cross-reference under the name of the designer in those cases where it is known. Books containing illustrations after several different men are listed under each designer's name, and the reader is referred to the book's main entry. This system, while somewhat cumbersome, makes it possible quickly to survey the extent of each artist's work, as it is represented in the collection.

Many of the books and prints are carefully described, making the catalogue valuable to the bibliophile as well as to the art historian. There are lucid discussions of problems of date, attribution, and the various publications of the same design. Short biographical notes on most of the artists will permit one to place an individual geographically and in time—although most of this information may be found in *The New-York Historical Society's Dictionary of Artists in America, 1564–1860*, by George C. Groce and David H. Wallace, who made extensive use of the earlier,

mimeographed editions of the Hamilton catalogue. The numerous reproductions in the catalogue, selected by Gillett Griffin of the Princeton University Library and reproduced by the Meriden Gravure Company, offer a broad survey of the nature of the material to be found in the books themselves. Hamilton's engaging and concise comments in the introduction will help the novice to find his way into the rich resources of the collection; and, to assist the student, there are indices to the illustrators and engravers, to the authors, and to the titles.

It is to be hoped that the publication of this catalogue will stimulate those interested in American art and civilization to explore the collection which Mr. Hamilton has so generously made available at Princeton University. Also we may hope that the suggestions as to further areas of research in book illustration made by Frank Weitenkampf in his foreword will not go unheeded. David M. Stauffer's study of American engravings on copper and steel stops short of the luxuriant flowering of those arts in the period between 1830 and 1860. A catalogue of the engraved, gift-book and periodical embellishments of this period would add immeasurably to our knowledge of American art and artistic taste. Finally, there are book illustrations reproduced in lithography, photography and the halftone process that will have to be more closely studied before a history of American book illustration may be definitely written.

Prelude to Independence: The Newspaper War on Britain, 1764–1776. By Arthur M. Schlesinger. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1958. ix + 318 + xvi pages, appendixes, biblio. note, index. $6.00.)

Reviewed by Philip Davidson, *President, University of Louisville, and author of* Propaganda and the American Revolution, 1763–1783.

Here is the definitive study of the newspaper attack on Great Britain prior to independence. Professor Schlesinger has been interested in this subject for a very long time, and his book shows thorough mastery of the Colonial newspaper. The result is that there is much of interest and importance here beyond the accounts of anti-British propaganda.

The book is a straightforward narrative account of the newspaper attack on Great Britain and her policies from 1764 to 1776. There are two introductory chapters adequately treating the background which are models of clarity and simplicity for the reader who may not remember the details of the period. These chapters comprise Part I. Part II follows chronology in each chapter. Because Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were the centers of newspaper publication and activity, there is naturally much more on these areas, but no paper or Colony is neglected. Although the main treatment is of the Whig press, attention is also given to the unsuccessful efforts of the Tories to develop a newspaper following. But, as the author points out, in the concluding years of

the struggle the Tories had been almost virtually silenced in the newspaper press, so the arguments were between different categories of Whigs. The main body of the book is on the newspaper offensive against Great Britain with extensive and aptly chosen quotations—amusing, venomous, sarcastic, argumentative. The author gets behind the scenes into the actual lives of the printers and publishers of these papers to some extent, but, in the main, the treatment is focused on the paper itself.

One of the most important features of this book, however, is not this factual account; it is the discussion of the effect of the events of the period and of the newspaper activity upon the development of newspapers and their influence in American history. The prolonged period of agitation enormously enhanced the influence of the press, says the author. People became accustomed to read newspapers, to look forward to them. From what had been in 1763 a little regarded, unimportant sheet of minor news, most of it from the mother country, the newspaper had emerged as a powerful political and social element in the life of the Colonies. The American newspaper press really came of age during these dozen years. It was not simply that the newspapers provided information; their role as opinion-makers became fixed.

And, finally, this is the real period in which the freedom of the press was established. While it is true that the Zenger case had already established the legal principle, the fact of freedom was developed and maintained during this period. Although legal freedom of the press was not enacted into American law until later, it was the Revolutionary generation which realized the necessity for it. Indeed, concludes Professor Schlesinger, next to independence, this concept that "freedom of utterance ranks unique among human rights as the protector and promoter of all the others . . . was the Revolutionary generation's greatest legacy to the American people."

The American Heritage Book of the Revolution. Edited by Richard M. Ketchum; text by Bruce Lancaster and J. H. Plumb. (New York: American Heritage Publishing Co.; book trade distribution by Simon & Schuster, 1958. 384 pages., illus., index. $12.50.)

Reviewed by Richard J. Koke.

There is an adage that a picture tells more than a thousand words, and this is fully borne out in this picture book which is indeed a thing of beauty. But it also transcends an appeal to the eye with an appeal to the mind in a text of capable scholarship written by the English historian Dr. J. H. Plumb, Cambridge University Lecturer in History, and Bruce Lancaster, who has delved deeply into the military side of the War for American Independence and has to his credit many fine writings on the period. Plumb's single succinct chapter on the life and times of 18th-

century England when seeds of rebellion began to ferment in the American Colonies opens the volume, and the narrative then continues with Lancaster's main text which begins with the eve of revolt and traces the story through the outbreak of the war, the day of freedom in 1776, battles on land and sea and on the frontier, the quest for allies, and the final struggle in the South which ended at Yorktown and with the peace of 1783.

The fascination of the book, however, is more inherent in a profusion of over 600 illustrations from archive and museum collections, of which 183 are in full color. There is a vast array of pictures and maps of the locales of conflict, portraits of participants, and views of arms and uniforms. Many of the illustrations are by contemporaries, such as the crude but accurate views of the fighting at Lexington and Concord which were engraved by Amos Doolittle; others are battle scenes from the brushes of 19th-century primitives which have a combination of simple charm and heroism; and still others are photographs of arms and uniforms commissioned especially for the book. None will find fault with this brilliant pictorial image of a war which brought a new nation into being on the North American continent.

American Chimney Sweeps, An Historical Account of a Once Important Trade. By George Lewis Phillips. With an Introduction by John Hurd and Drawings by Everett Gee Jackson. (Trenton, N.J.: The Past Times Press, 1957. x + 88 pages, illus., biblio. $4.00.)

Reviewed by Dr. Edgar F. Romig, *Minister, West End Collegiate Church.*

Following a reading of Phillips' book, this reviewer, then in his summer home, in an immediate search in his library for references to chimney sweeps, came upon only two items. The first (*Library of General Knowledge*, 1854) tells us that "as late as 1826 the chimney sweeps of London held a merry festival on the first day of May." The other is incidental to Count Benjamin Rumford's suggestions for the improvement of chimneys (in his *Essays: Political, Economical, and Philosophical*, 1810, quoted in *Chambers's Encyclopaedia*). In Rumford's drawings on the reductions of fireplaces and throats of chimneys we see the design of "a movable tile to make room for the chimney sweeper." A wider examination of books later disclosed mention of chimney sweepers in a number of volumes, including *The Poems of William Blake*, Charles Kingsley's *Water Babies*, Charles Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and others in strangely diverse fields; but they shall not be discussed here.

This work by Phillips, with its appropriately mottled jacket, will have its place as a kind of thesaurus on its theme, presenting more abundant information than anything yet produced; and there will be those who will find profit in its various chapters, touching on the history of chimney

sweeping, German and other guilds of sweeps, songs—racy and ribald—about the sooty craft, comments on man's inhumanity to man (as evidenced by the plight of sweeps right up to the latter part of the 19th century), and facts about ameliorative laws enforcing chimney construction and methods of cleansing chimneys, making the old type of sweeping practically obsolete. (The word "practically" here is used advisedly because this reviewer learned just recently that two British chimney sweeps had recently spoken about their present work on a television program.)

For him who would "read while running" Chapter IV of the volume is particularly recommended. In structure and content it has a matrix-like quality, and one wonders whether it was originally prepared as an article or essay, around which the other chapters came into being. At any rate it is rewarding reading, as evidenced by the following quotations:

"A forgotten black skeleton in the closet of our social injustices is the climbing-boy, a term coined in 1785 by the English champion of chimney-sweepers' apprentices, Jonas Hanway, to signify a lad small enough to ascend narrow flues to remove soot or extinguish fires."

"Imported, along with the English prejudice toward the chimney-sweeping trade, was the use of child labor in the flues."

"Though the chimneys in this country contained flues less complex to clean than those in many of the large English mansions, young Africans of our own growth, as well as white boys, were forced to climb them, loosening the soot partly with their own infantile flesh, partly with brushes and scrapers."

"It is interesting to note that in Baltimore, where we should expect to find only Africans sweeping chimneys, there was a white master sweep, John Conrad Zollikoffer, who, in 1792, inserted an advertisement in the *Baltimore Daily Repository* generously offering to assist poor but honest white parents, burdened by the expenses of rearing a large family, by indenturing three or four sons. These boys, he stated, should be from eight to ten years of age."

"Masters had unenviable reputations for brutality arising from the methods they employed to teach their boys the art and mystery of the chimney-sweeping trade. To force a terrified child into the dark, winding flue, stinking of the acrid odor of soot, a man would apply to the infantile posteriors a few smacks of his brush or some well-aimed kicks."

"To break in a lad properly, the masters agreed, there could be no soft-heartedness, no sympathy shown him."

"At last in the house, the boy prepared for his odyssey through the dark dank passageways leading to the chimney top. First, he pinned his blanket over the fireplace so that the soot would not dirty the furniture and rugs, which the servants had usually covered in anticipation of the sweep's arrival. Next, if the flues were narrow, he pulled off all but his

underclothes, which were sometimes pajamas, so that he would avoid being jammed in the elbow of a flue by the rumpling of a jacket or pair of trousers. Finally, drawing a coarse cloth cap over his head, to keep the soot from falling into his eyes, he grasped the brush in one hand, the iron scraper in the other, and began his journey."

"Running away may have released a few boys from our chimneys, but hundreds of others found their deliverance in central heating. . . . A negro sweep, Charles Simmons, who had started out as a climbing-boy, told a newspaper reporter in 1882 that boys were no longer used in Manhattan flues because 'the manner of constructing chimneys at the present time . . . would prevent boys from climbing up or down them. The flues are too small, and there are too many elbows in them.' "

"In England, such well-meaning associations as the Society for Superseding the Necessity of Climbing Boys, By Encouraging a New Method of Sweeping Chimneys and for Improving the Condition of Children and Others, Employed by Chimney-Sweepers, and the Climbing-Boys' Society, sought to shake off the public apathy by publishing reports of the hardships of the boys in the sweeping trade and by advocating the use of machines to supplant them in the flues. No such organizations ever sprang up in this country. In England, besides such prominent political champions as Jonas Hanway, William Tooke, and Lord Shaftesbury, the boys had such literary advocates as William Blake, James Montgomery, Charles Dickens, and Charles Kingsley to paint with emotion the sobs and tears caused by their brutal masters. In this country no famous politicians and only a few of our minor writers depicted their woes. Expect for Henry Cogswell Knight, Frances S. Osgood, Mrs. Madeline Leslie, and perhaps half a dozen other sympathizers, our authors sought their inspiration in English climbing-boys, not in the ebony-skinned urchins slouching along, crying for work outside their windows."

"Promotion of the chimney-sweeping machines was sometimes undertaken by the compilers of street cries, anxious to befriend the sweep boys. In *The Cries of New-York* (1822), the public's attention was directed to Dr. Samuel S. Edmonston's patented sweeping device, which had been invented for the purpose of freeing boys from the flues. It was therefore 'the duty of every citizen to employ the Mechanical Chimney-Sweeper.' "

"Many of the white sweeps today are, under the title of fluonomists, driving trucks equipped with special devices for suctioning the dirt from flues and air-conditioning vents into great bags that rise up like miniature blimps. Though they perform their work more quickly and efficiently than the manual sweeps, they charge higher prices. However, now and then white men are found sweeping with wire brushes, the bristles of which allow the soot to filter upward through them. One of these sweeps is Howard Smith of Dedham, Massachusetts. Smith has been in the busi-

ness ever since he was sixteen years old. His father, a sweep, had taught him how to use the machine, which he prefers to the vacuum process because of the difficulty involved in sealing off the top of the flue to obtain sufficient suction for loosening the soot."

To read the pages of this book is to learn much about an occupation which has never before been so exhaustively treated. It is also to reflect that in our Western World the imaginative social conscience which expressed itself in the liberation of slaves, the improvement in general labor conditions, and other applications of the humane principle inherent in Christianity, was exceedingly slow in shedding its beneficent rays upon a picturesque but tragic tribe of toilers, the chimney sweeps.

This reader has a title in his library to add to the dossier of author Phillips, who has proved himself, in his collection of facts, a master anthologist on fluonomy. It is *Little Annie's New or Third Book, by her Mother* (New York: A. D. F. Randolph, 1859). In this juvenile story we meet a kindly Quaker, walking with two little girls, who when they come upon some chimney sweeps, says to his young charges: "Of all human beings except sinful ones, chimney-sweeps are least open to the enjoyment of a kind word. Would you if your faces and hands were coated with soot, and you were clad in such rags and tatters as they wear, would you come near an old gentleman and two little girls who were clean and well-clothed? If your eye-lashes were one mass of cinders, and your hair matted together with scrapings from chimneys, what would you do, if clean and well-clad people approached?"

"I would run into the woods," said Ann, "and get into a hollow tree."

"I think," said Mary, "I would run and jump into the river."

"Boys," said the gentleman, "have you earned any thing today?"

"Yes, sir," answered one, "I have earned twenty-five cents, and Jim has earned twenty-five cents." Jim looked cross and was silent.

"Have you ever been to school?"

"No, sir," replied the one who spoke before.

"Would you like to go?"

The boys hung their heads, and did not speak.

"Would you like to have some new clean clothes, and go to school?"

"We couldn't go—massa wouldn't let us go any day but Sunday."

"Would he let you go on that day?"

"Yes, sir, he said we might."

"Well, take this to the store, in the Main street, opposite the Market, and hand it to the ladies there."

He drew a ticket from his pocket, (Mary read the printed letters on the ticket: LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY,) wrote something with his pencil on the back of the card, and handed it to the boy who did *not* speak, and walked on.

"What will they do?" asked Mary.

"I don't know, but I shall keep my eye upon them. I know where they live," replied he.

We are warranted in concluding from this tale that the old gentleman was given to charitable acts to hapless sweeps; yet it would be gratifying to learn that he and others turned from occasional kindnesses to form an organization to press for the legal elimination of the evils of chimney sweeping. That, however, did not happen.

This final paragraph begins with a cavil. Does author Phillips really have evidence that sweeps ever wore pajamas (*vid.* p. 55) either at night or in the daytime? But we hasten to concluding appreciation. The illustrations are superb; the quotations are illuminating; and there is a rich bibliography, to which readers of the volume will doubtless add. Meanwhile they possess a vade mecum on chimney sweeps and sweeping.

The Cotton Regency: The Northern Merchants and Reconstruction, 1865–1880. By George Ruble Woolfolk. (New York: Bookman Associates, 1958. 311 pages, biblio., illus., index. $5.00.)

Reviewed by Vincent P. Carosso, *Department of History, New York University.*

The thesis of this monograph is that the Civil War destroyed agrarian capitalism and gave rise to a new group of politically conscious and experienced entrepreneurs. During the fifteen years between 1865 and 1880, the commercial activities of these businessmen resulted in making the "South an economic tributary to the North-east and the Middle-west" (p. 191) and in bringing about "group democracy as a new pattern in American politics" (p. 7).

Mr. Woolfolk's study begins with an analysis of the mercantile interests of the three leading commercial cities of the Northeast (New York, Boston, and Philadelphia) and proceeds to indicate the nature of their economic rivalries and jealousies. The "cotton policy" of 1865, a program devised by the merchant-capitalists of New England, Pennsylvania, and the West and designed to consolidate and promote the group's domestic trade with the South and to curb foreign competition, illustrates the nature of the conflicting economic interests of these urban groups. Though the plan was a good one, it failed. The cotton famine of 1866–1867, the rise of new cotton producing areas, for example, India, and new technological innovations, such as the Macarthy gin, defeated it and forced Philadelphia, Boston, and the western cities to devise a new program.

The "direct importation" law of July 14, 1870, proved to be the answer. "Conceived by the Boston-Philadelphia merchant communities in a spirit of vengeance against their old rival, New York" (p. 140), this act

permitted foreign shippers to send their goods without delay or interruption to western destinations. Now, for the first time, the merchants of such inland cities as St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Louisville could compete in the South effectively with those of the Northeast. This was the price New England and Pennsylvania paid in order "to break the hold of the European merchants and industrialists on the American economy by destroying their [New York City] connections. . . ." (p. 194). The results of the commercial policies and activities of the northeastern and western merchants and the inability of the South at this time to reorder its economic way of life "delivered [it] . . . into the hands of whatever group of exploiters might become the 'Regents' of the power of 'King Cotton'." (p. 195).

Mr. Woolfolk's conclusions, as his notes (71 pages) and bibliography (32 pages) attest, are based on an impressive amount of research, much of it in primary sources. But the work's very real contributions are marred by the author's obvious biases and, insofar as this reviewer is concerned, by a platitudinous, verbose, repetitious, and, at times, difficult style. Despite these imperfections, the work covers an important subject, suggests some significant areas for further study, and indicates how much more needs to be done in the economic and business history of this period.

Ben Butler. The South Called Him BEAST! By Hans Trefousse. (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1957: 365 pp., biblio., illus., index. $5.00.)

Reviewed by Dr. Robert S. Holzman, *author of* Stormy Ben Butler, *and president of the Civil War Round Table of New York.*

Benjamin F. Butler might have been one of the most popular American heroes of all times. Here was a poor boy of undistinguished parentage who, without sponsorship or protection, attained fame, power, and riches by dint of his own efforts. He was a patriot who abandoned what was perhaps the most lucrative law practice in the nation to join the colors when there erupted a war that personally he had sought to prevent and which his party was inclined to boycott. He was not a chair-borne officer but a fearless man who moved dangerously among enemies who personally hated him. He adjusted equally well to war and peace. While earning prodigious fees from his wealthy clients, he was ever a friend (and a good one) of the working class.

Yet he is thought of today (if at all) as a scoundrel or worse.

Dr. Trefousse does not attempt to reconcile this great variance between Butler's solid achievements and his present-day reputation. This book is a chronicle—and an excellent one—of the general's many-sided, frequently complex activities, which the author sometimes refers to as "antics." *What* Butler did is extremely interesting; *why* he acted as he did is not explained or questioned. What was the motivation for his

incessant hard work? Why did he detest West Pointers? Why did he constantly change his political allegiance? There are no theories on such questions as what Butler "had" on Grant; in fact, the book expresses no theories at all.

The author traces in reasonable detail the life of a pirate's son, who became one of the greatest lawyers of the day, a highly prosperous manufacturer, the senior major-general in the army (who could be given orders only by Grant), a most able military administrator, a leading congressman, a successful economic reformer, a Massachusetts governor, the confidential advisor of three Presidents, and the most despised man in the land.

The book's dust jacket bristles with paired comments by Butler's contemporaries as to (1) his sterling qualities and abilities and (2) his unspeakable vices and shortcomings. He was a man about whom it was impossible to be neutral. And yet the author has presented a neutral book. Neither side can be pleased by that. Nor would Butler have been, for, as the author points out, he was a radical in all things.

Was Butler one of the truly valuable men this nation has produced, or was he a rascal? The General's numerous adulators (including the most highly placed persons) could document his substantial achievements convincingly. His equally numerous detractors pointed largely to circumstantial evidence. Butler was associated with, and related to, some exceedingly shady characters. He became very wealthy. But none of his enemies (among whom were some of the most powerful men in America) ever could *prove* that the General had done anything illegal. Somewhere along the line he must have made a slip, or left a trace, if he were guilty. No one has discovered it.

Some of Butler's multiform achievements are overlooked by the author: for example, he was the first military commander in history to espouse aircraft in warfare. He purchased machine guns for his troops when the Army showed disinterest. He first saw Edison's talking machine, not as a provider of music, but as an instrument that would revolutionize office procedures. He saw how an Isthmian canal could be built if yellow fever were controllable; and he actually did control it.

The greatest shortcoming of this book is that Butler does not seem to come alive. No one could speak of Butler, or his activities, or his enemies with more gusto than did the General himself; yet few of his words are presented to show and to describe the man. The author states that "none could write as pungently as he"; but the evidence is lacking here. And few 19th-century persons have left behind such a wealth (the word is used advisedly) of letters, speeches, and other written material. Butler would seem more of a live person if his relatives were mentioned with more frequency, for he was a family man in the highest sense; but even his wife, who closely shared his travails, confidences, and letters, is rarely introduced.

Unlike earlier biographers of Butler, Dr. Trefousse had the advantage of voluminous letterboxes that were made available to the public in 1954. Nothing momentous seems to have been quarried from this new material. In fact, no additional light on Butler has been shed by this volume, with one exception: there actually was one woman other than his wife at whom the General looked, and that was Anna Dickinson. But there is not the slightest hint that he went too far.

In addition to his references to the Butler manuscripts, the author has made good background use of other manuscript sources.

The Island. By Robert Payne. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1958. 248 pages, illus., biblio. $4.95.)

Reviewed by Jeannette Edwards Rattray, *publisher of* The East Hampton Star *and author of a dozen books on eastern Long Island history, the latest a 50-page profusely illustrated booklet entitled* Gardiner's Island. *Privately printed in 1958 for distribution among guests of Bayberry Ventures, Inc., a sportsmen's group, it is designed to answer their questions about the Island's history briefly and accurately, and contains many pictures published for the first time.*

The Island is the first full-length book to be written about Gardiner's Island by anyone outside the Gardiner family. That island, originally a feudal manor, has been in the possession of one family for more than three hundred years. Family pride has kept the beautiful 3300-acre island out of the hands of developers and unspoiled. The south fork of Long Island is three miles to the south of Gardiner's Island, across the bay, and Connecticut is twelve miles to the north. The Island became, in 1639, the first white settlement in Suffolk County and the first English settlement in what is now New York State.

Robert Payne, a graceful and prolific writer, has dedicated his book to Robert D. L. Gardiner and his sister, Alexandra Gardiner Creel, present owners of the Island. The book makes no claim to be a complete history of the family or the Island. It dwells mostly upon the first Lion Gardiner, a man of great character and distinction; upon "Lord John" of Captain Kidd's time; and upon John Lyon Gardiner (1770–1816). The latter, a scholarly man who loved and improved his plantation, is not one of the author's favorites; Payne seems to prefer the strapping John of pirate fame, "who loved the Indians to distraction."

The first Lion Gardiner, soldier and engineer, built a fort at Saybrook, Conn. In his vivid reports of the Pequot wars he disapproved of the ruthless, fear-prompted actions of some of the Colonists. He became a lifelong friend of Wyandanch, chief of the Montauks, and later of all Long Island tribes. Wyandanch gave Gardiner a huge tract including most of what is now Smithtown. In the deed, Wyandanch's "mark" was a tiny

drawing of two men shaking hands. This is really the keynote of Payne's book—the friendly relations between whites and Indians, due to Lion Gardiner's influence.

The more recent history in the book contains errors which will probably go unnoticed outside of eastern Long Island. Despite the inaccuracies, conspicuous to those familiar with Gardiner Island's history, the book makes enjoyable and profitable reading.

American Presentation Swords. By Jay P. Altmayer, with an introduction by Harold L. Peterson. (Mobile, Ala.: Rankin Press, [available from Ray Riling, Arms Books, 6844 Gorsten Street, Philadelphia 19, Pa.,] 1958. 47 pages, illus. $4.00.)

Reviewed by Richard J. Koke.

The collector and student of military memorabilia will find this little booklet, issued in a limited edition of 1000 copies, a useful tool for a better appreciation of presentation swords. Jay Altmayer, one of America's foremost collectors of rare presentation swords, discusses his subject matter under three periods of time: (1) from the Revolution through the Mexican War, (2) the Civil War, and (3) the post-Civil War period.

The presentation of highly ornamental swords to noteworthy military figures was a common occurrence in Europe, beginning from about 1760, but in America this custom did not become popular until after the end of the American Revolution. The first American presentation swords were made in France at the close of the war, but within a few years the United States developed craftsmen who could design and manufacture highly creditable weapons. Altmayer's treatise confines itself to the evolution and development of design of American presentation swords, which in richness of detail reached its zenith during the Civil War. Style and ornamentation had their origins in Europe, and styles which became popular in America were also found on English and French swords of the same period, but, as the author points out, the application of these symbols was employed here with an American technique. Due to the comparative fewness of presentation swords, it is important that students be familiar with all surviving examples, and thus this finely illustrated publication of a number of these swords is of real importance.

The Jewish Community of Utica, New York, 1847–1948 [American Jewish Communal Histories, No. 2]. By S. Joshua Kohn. (New York: American Jewish Historical Society, 1959. xvii + 221 pages, with appended tables, biblio., index, illus. $5.00.)

Last October's *Quarterly* contained a short review of a recent symposium on *The Writing of American Jewish History* in which one of the four areas covered was the need for "Local and Regional History." Consonant with the viewpoint in that book is the American Jewish Historical Society President's in his foreword to this: "No one can write an adequate history of the American Jew—*from above*. Such a history must be built up from the bottom—brick by brick and piece by piece. That can be done only where there is a monographic literature."

The same is true for the history of any ethnic group in America—and indeed of all of them together as strands in the woof and warp of American life. Although Rabbi Kohn's monograph deals with the history of only one small community (its 140 members in 1850 had grown by 1946 to 3,024 in a total city population of 110,000), it is important as the kind of study from which more comprehensive histories can be written.

"The fabric of what Utica is to-day," writes Alice Cynthia Dodge, President of the Oneida Historical Society, in her Introductory Note, "is due in great measure to the contributions of all the ethnic groups that came to the emerging city to make a home. Among these a few Jewish families arrived to stay and have thereby contributed greatly to the culture and the tradition of the community. . . . The author has delved carefully into primary sources and has captured [valuable information] from those whose memory of the Jewish people in Utica goes back many years. . . . Written as it is with a knowledge of the flow of history, interest is heightened by reference in many instances to events of national and world wide import that had an influence on the local situation. This is a fine study of the history of a particular group at the local level. . . ."

C. E. B.

Lake Champlain: A Guide and Story Handbook. By Fred Copeland (Rutland, Vt., and Tokyo, Japan: Charles E. Tuttle Co., 1958. 88 pages, illus., map, index. $1.25.)

The 350th anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain in New York's Year of History in 1959 will make this attractive little handbook a volume of practical usefulness for the many visitors to this wonderful Adirondack countryside. It has been gotten together in very readable style by a late Vermont banker, who has spent years visiting the locales described from Whitehall to the Canadian frontier. History and folklore are charmingly recorded, with excellent photographs adding to the well-designed, artistic format.

R. J. K.

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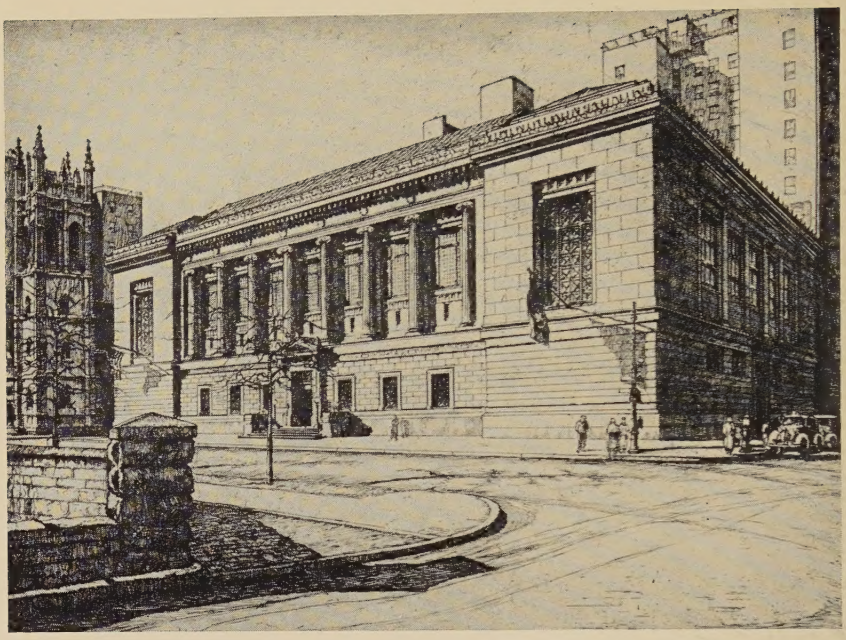

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William Smith, *The History of the Late Province of New-York, from Its Discovery to the Appointment of Governor Colden, in 1762* (1830). 2 vols. totalling 780 pp., $15.00.

Thomas Jones, *History of New York during the Revolutionary War, and the Leading Events in the Other Colonies at That Period* (1879). 2 vols. totalling 1555 pp., illus., index, $15.00.

Donald A. Shelley, *Catalogue of American Portraits in The New-York Historical Society* (1941). viii+374 pp., 430 illus., indexes, $1.50.

William Sawitzky, *Matthew Pratt, 1734-1805: A Study of His Work* (1942). x+103 pp., 43 plates, index, $5.00.

Harold E. Dickson, *John Wesley Jarvis, American Painter, 1780-1840, With a Checklist of His Works* (1949). xx+476 pp., 105 illus., index, $10.00.

Calver & Bolton, *History Written with Pick and Shovel: Military Buttons, Belt-Plates, Badges, and Other Relics Excavated from Colonial, Revolutionary, and War of 1812 Camp Sites by the Field Exploration Committee of The New-York Historical Society* (1950). xiv+320 pp., 218 illus., index, $3.50.

Mary Bartlett Cowdrey, *National Academy of Design Exhibition Record 1826–1860* (1943). 2 vols. totalling 680 pp., index, $6.00.

Mary Bartlett Cowdrey, *American Academy of Fine Arts and American Art-Union 1816–1852*, with a history of the Academy by Theodore Sizer, of the Art-Union by Charles E. Baker, and a Foreward by James Thomas Flexner (1953). I: *Introduction*, xiv+311 pp., illus.; II: *Exhibition Record*, 504 pp., frontis., index; 2 vols., $7.50.

Rita Susswein Gottesman, *The Arts and Crafts in New York 1726–1776* (1938). xviii+450 pp., index, $3.00.

Same, *1777–1799* (1954). xix+484 pp., illus., index, $4.00.

R.W.G. Vail, *Knickerbocker Birthday: A Sesqui-Centennial History of The New-York Historical Society 1804–1954* (1954). xix+547 pp., 180 illus., index, $6.00.

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Philip L. White, *The Beekmans of New York in Politics and Commerce 1647–1877* with an Introduction by Dr. Fenwick Beekman (1956). xxxi+705 pp., 57 illus., index, $10.00.

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George C. Groce and David H. Wallace, *The New-York Historical Society's Dictionary of Artists in America 1564–1860* (1957). xxvii + 759 pp., $15.00.

Ruel P. Tolman, *The Life and Works of Edward Greene Malbone 1777–1807* (1958). xxiii + 322 pp., 226 illus. (2 in color), biblio., index, $12.50.